FIRST LOVE:

A

COMEDY.

PERFORMED

At the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane.

By RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.

——Manet altâ mente repostum.

DUBLIN:

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FOR MESSRS. P. BYRNE, P. WOGAN, W. JONES
G. BURNET, J. RICE, J. JONES, AND
G. FOLINGSBY.

1795.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Palmer.

IN every rank of life the friends of love,
(From Goddeſſes below to Gods above)
We claim you for our patrons, and prefer
Our ſuit to thoſe, whoſe judgment cannot err;
For you have hearts, and we make no appeal
But to the teſt of what thoſe hearts ſhall feel.
If Nature quits us, every hope is fled,
For we have nought to tender in her ſtead,
No pageant to exhauſt the Treaſurer's cheſt,
Or rob the Painter of his natural reſt:
Failing to pleaſe, we aim not to ſurpriſe;
Palling your ears, we cannot feaſt your eyes.
But we believe you never will ſubmit
To naturalize theſe ſubſtitutes for wit,
Therefore it is, our author keeps the ſtage
With all the pertinacity of age;
Not in defiance of the Public will,
But in the hope that you'll ſupport him ſtill;
Not in excluſion of another's name,
For dear to him is every brother's fame,
But to ſhew genius of a ſtronger growth,
Which elſe might ſink to indolence and ſloth,
That feeble plants, when nouriſh'd by your care,
Ev'n in the winter of their age will bear.
If, ere the hour ſhall come that lays to reſt
All hopes and fears within the human breaſt,
Once more your Poet ventures to convene
His Muſe's Patrons to the moral ſcene,
'Tis in the hope that for your favors paſt
He may yet make ſome ſmall return at laſt.
Here, if he fails, and ſhou'd this night's event
Prove that your favors and his fires are ſpent,
What on the part of candor ſhall be ſaid,
But that his heart was ſtouter than his head?
But that, advancing to a freſh attack,
He dropt, and "*died with harneſs on his back!*"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Senſitive, - - -	Mr. Wroughton.
Sir Miles Mowbray, - -	Mr. King.
Frederick Mowbray, - -	Mr. Palmer.
David, his Brother, - -	Mr. Banniſter, Jun.
Mr. Wrangle, - - -	Mr. R. Palmer.
Billy Büſtler, - - -	Mr. Suett.
Robin, Servant to Sir Miles, -	Mr. Hollingſworth.
Servant to Lady Ruby, -	Mr. Trueman.
Servant to Mr. Wrangle, -	Mr. Webb.
Sabina Roſny, - - -	Mrs. Jordan.
Lady Ruby, - - -	Miſs Farren.
Mrs. Wrangle, - -	Miſs Pope.
Mrs. Kate, - - -	Miſs Tidſwell.
Waiting-Woman to Lady Ruby	Miſs Heard.

BRITISH
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MUSEUM

FIRST LOVE:

A

COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

(Frederick Mowbray, *followed by* David.)

David.

WELL! I could almoſt ſwear—yet I won't be ſure. I wiſh he would look back once again.—Yes it is, by St. George, it is my dear brother Frederick.—Ah! my ſweet fellow, welcome to England! Don't you remember little David?

Fred. David! may I believe my eyes? 'Tis he, ſure enough. Come to my arms my brave lad! Why you are alter'd out of knowledge, and in the navy uniform—That's right, my boy, there you're in your proper line.

David. Aye, aye, Sir!—But we'll talk of that by-and-by. How are you in the firſt place? How fares it with you, my hearty? where are you come from? what ſort of a cruize have you had in t'other country? Have you fallen in with father?

Fred. No, nor do I wiſh him to know of my arrival as yet.

David.

David. Be it ſo, be it ſo! Mum's the word for that.—Are you come home full or empty? Egad, you'll find father cling plaguily by the claws, damn'd cloſe in the lockers.—If you are bare of the ready, I've plenty.

Fred. Thank you, David, thank you heartily; but I can ſhift. Keep your money my good lad.

David. Not that, with your leave; I know a little better than ſo, we may hope.—But what brings you home o'the ſudden?

Fred. My father's peremptory commands.

David. Enough ſaid: then 'tis on account of ſiſter's wedding.

Fred. I believe not—but I did not know till this moment ſhe was married. Tell me the particulars, for 'tis intereſting intelligence.

David. Why ſhe's married, that's all I can tell you; ſhe has got a mate of father's own chuſing; ſo he thinks he has done a mighty feat, and rigg'd her out for a fair weather voyage; but between you and me, I ſuſpect there's foul wind in feather-bed bay, and a kind of cat-and-dog harmony on board between 'em; that's my notion.

Fred. I can well believe it: She has not the beſt temper in the world. What is the gentleman's name and condition?

David. Wrangle is his name, and wrangling I ſuſpect to be his condition; but I heartily diſlike the man, and therefore I wou'd not have you take his character from me: ſee him, and judge for yourſelf.

Fred. There is one marriage in our family then to begin with; and now I muſt tell you, David, in confidence, that I do not believe it was on account of this wedding my father call'd me home in ſuch haſte, but with a view to another.

David. Like enough, like enough; that's your look-out, thank Heaven, and not mine.

Fred. Bad luck for me, David, if it is as I fear; but you know Sir Paul Ruby is now dead, and my firſt love is a widow, young, blooming, and miſtreſs

miſtreſs of a mine of wealth: You can remember Clara Middleton, how devotedly I was attach'd to her, and how cruelly my father tore me from her.

David. Do I remember it? Yes, to be ſure, and in my mind never forgave old cruſty for his hard-heartedneſs to this hour; but if that be his ſport, let him come on: By the Lord Harry, Fred. you'll be a gay fellow if you can bring that prize into harbour.

Fred. Huſh! huſh! that can never be.

David. Why you are in the right not to be too ſure, for all the world is after her; but if ſhe has a hankering for you ſtill, you know—

Fred. Heaven forbid!

David. Well, well, I won't flatter you, brother, you are a little gone off to be ſure, rather the worſe for wear, a ſmall matter out of trim, but we can ſoon put that to rights, if your timbers are but ſtaunch.

Fred. It is not there I ſhou'd fail, let us hope; but if death was the alternative, I cou'd not give my hand to Lady Ruby.

David. I take you now; you'll be no man's ſecond; I ſee how it is with you, firſt oar or none at all.—Lord love you, what a whim is that! 'Tis no denial to a good ſhip becauſe another man has commanded her.

Fred. You are wide of the mark, friend David; it is not that I object to Lady Ruby as a widow, for I dare ſay ſhe is ſtill beautiful as an angel.

David. That's more than I know, for I never ſaw one; but I'm ſure ſhe's as freſh and as fine as a daiſey.

Fred. Why that is as lowly a ſimilitude as you can well find for her; but with all her charms, and all her riches, and all the love ſhe cou'd beſtow upon me, were it warm and flattering as in our fondeſt moments, the barrier between us would be inſuperable; fate has diſunited us for ever.

David. Then fate has play'd you a very foul trick, let me tell you; for, ſearch the world through, you will no where find her fellow.

Fred.

Fred. If I dare truſt you with a ſecret, I wou'd put that to the trial; and yet I think you are too good a fellow to tell tales.

David. Give me none to tell, and that's a ſure way to prevent it; but I think you might venture to truſt me too.

Fred. This it is, and I'll make a ſhort ſtory of it.

David. Do ſo!

Fred. I have brought a virtuous and lovely girl with me into England—

David. Indeed!

Fred. Who has been the preſerver of my life, the companion of my journey from Padua to this place, and whom I have pledg'd myſelf to make the partner of my fortune.

David. Your wife?

Fred. My wife: the word is paſſed, and I muſt keep it.

David. To be ſure you muſt; but I'm ſorry for it; there's no more to be ſaid.—Death and fury! What a torrent will you have about your ears! Why, father will come down on you like a water-ſpout.

Fred. I am now ſeeking out ſome place where ſhe can be lodg'd and boarded with people of reputation, till I can arrange my affairs; but I have been ſo long out of England, that I am almoſt as much a ſtranger in London as herſelf. Perhaps, David, you can help me out.

David. Why that's what I'm thinking of: I have a friend, a right one, as ſtaunch an old cock as ever crow'd, my navy agent, Billy Buſtler by name. I'm to dine with him to-day—and he has a ſiſter Kate by the ſame token; a good ſoul! but if your Miſs is'nt of the right ſort, look you—

Fred. Oh fie, fie,! Can you ſuppoſe any otherwiſe?

David. Well, well! but a word in time, you know—for Kate's a pure maiden, you muſt think, with a good deal of the buckram about her. Lord!

now

how I do ſet her up ſometimes. So, if you've ſtowed away all your courtſhip, d'ye ſee, and got your marriage tack fairly a-board, why upon theſe terms I think I have intereſt enough with Kate to coax her into compliance.—Now, what ſay you?

Fred. Let us about it directly; for my lovely charge is expecting me, and time is precious.

David. Say no more, my bright fellow! As for Billy, he's a ſure card. Give me your arm, and we'll be down upon him in a whiff. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Chamber in Mr.* Wrangle's *Houſe.*

(*Mr. and Mrs.* Wrangle.)

Mrs. W. Ah, my dear, dear Mr. Wrangle, I have been ſighing for a ſight of you this many a long hour: Where in the world have you hidden yourſelf from the eyes of your fond doating wife?—Come, come, my love, look kindly upon me: We that are ſo happy in each other, ſhould always meet with rapture.

Mr. W. Well, my dear Lyddy, and who is ſo rapturous as I? Where is the huſband that ſo doats upon his wife?

Mrs. W. Don't ſay ſo, don't ſay ſo. Can you lay your hand upon your heart, and ſay you love me to the full as well as ever you did?

Mr. W. Better, better.

Mrs. W. No, you don't.

Mr. W. Yes, I do.

Mrs. W. I'll ſwear you don't; I know to a certainty your affection abates, whereas mine increaſes every hour: nay, it is ſo exceſſive, that I am almoſt afraid it grows troubleſome to you.

Mr. W. Don't fear it; from my ſoul I believe our fondneſs for each other is equal and alike: The uninterrupted harmony of our nuptial ſtate, and the fidelity I have ever manifeſted——

Mrs. W. Well, and what has my fidelity been, I would aſk? Notorious, unique, the talk of all

the

the town. I am really ſo pointed at in all companies as a mere domeſtic creature, that I am almoſt aſham'd to ſhew my face in any faſhionable circle.

Mr. W. Never mind their ſneering; your own conſcience can acquit you of deſerving it.—If I were you, Mrs. Wrangle, I wou'd ſometimes paſs an evening at home, if it were only to ſhew them you deſpiſe their ſpleen.

Mrs. W. Sometimes, Mr. Wrangle! ſometimes paſs an evening at home! Where is the woman of faſhion paſſes ſo many evenings at home as I do?

Mr. W. The preſent won't be one of the number, if I may judge from your dreſs.

Mrs. W. The preſent indeed! How can you expect it? Is'nt it opera night? Wou'd you wiſh to deprive me of my only pleaſure? Is there any thing in life I love ſo well as an opera?

Mr. W. Oh yes! your huſband.

Mrs. W. Well, my huſband to be ſure—my huſband is before every pleaſure, ſo you need not take me up ſo quickly: for you know, my dear, you are all in all to me.

Mr. W. With the opera to help it out.

Mrs. W. The opera indeed! You ſhould be aſham'd to mention the opera, where I think, conſidering all things, I might expect to be indulg'd with a box to myſelf, inſtead of ſcrubbing into the pit, as I do at preſent; which give me leave to ſay, few women of my pretenſions would put up with.

Mr. W. Keep your temper Mrs. Wrangle.

Mrs. W. And don't I keep my temper, Mr. Wrangle? Is'nt it the part of a friend to let you know the whole town cries out upon you? that you're the public talk? your character ſuffers by it—People know what a fortune I brought you; and you know in your heart, my dear, that if you had a little more of the gentleman in your ſpirit—

Mr. W. 'Sblood Madam, if I had a great deal leſs, you are enough to call it up.

Mrs.

Mrs. W. There, there! now you are going to be in one of your tantarums.

Mr. W. Then why do you provoke me to it?

Mrs. W. I provoke you! I only tell you of your faults, and you have not temper to hear of them.

Mr. W. You are very sharp-sighted in spying out my faults, methinks, and at the same time either shut your eyes upon your own, or find them too incurable to meddle with.

Mrs. W. I plead to no fault but the fault of keeping terms with you; and that I'm resolved to correct out of hand: I'll put up with your ill humours no longer; my father, my family, the whole town shall know your treatment of me. I cou'd bear my lot well enough, if the world did but know I was not that happy wife they suppose me to be.

(Servant *enters.*)

Serv. Lady Ruby. [*Exit.*

Mr. W. Best impart your sorrows to her then; she, you know, is your bosom friend.

(*Lady* Ruby *enters.*)

Mrs. W. My dear Lady Ruby.

Lady R. My dear Mrs Wrangle.

Mr. W. Here's a tender greeting! An honest man would suppose these women had a regard for each other; nothing less at heart with either. (*aside.*)

Lady R. Oh! you incorrigible creature! *tête-à-tête* with your own wife.

Mr. W. I have the grace at least of taking a hint, when the friends of my wife wou'd dispense with my company. [*Exit.*

Lady R. Did you ever see the like? Upon my life, Lydia, you have spoilt that good man of your's, and made him as freakish as a humour'd child: There is not one in a thousand of that silly sex can bear being petted.

Mrs.

Mrs. W. Never think about him; he grows quite intolerable.

Lady R. Bleſs me! I could not have believed it.

Mrs. W. No, becauſe you will believe me what I am not, never have been, nor ever ſhall be—happy with that man: My temper is quick, his ſullen; my nature is open and ſincere; his dark and jealous.

Lady R. He jealous! Mr. Wrangle jealous!

Mrs. W. Oh! extremely ſo.

Lady R. I cou'd not have believ'd it.

Mrs. W. Now cannot I for the life of me comprehend why you cou'd not have believ'd it: becauſe, tho' I am ſufficiently guarded in my conduct, eſpecially before him, yet I ſhou'd hope I am not too vain when I ſuppoſe ſome few attractions, ſome ſmall pretenſions, may ſtill be ſaid to belong to me—tho' comparatively nothing with what your ladyſhip poſſeſſes.

Lady R. Certainly, my dear Madam, you have charms in full meaſure; and if you rather chuſe to be complimented upon them than your diſcretion, your huſband ſhall be credited by me for all the jealouſy you think fit to aſcribe to him, with as much or as little cauſe as you may be diſpoſed to allow of.

Mrs. W. I believe there is no woman but wou'd be mortified if her huſband was to ſay to her, "It "is not in your power to make me jealous."

Lady R. I grant you, the power is deſirable, the exerciſe of it an experiment of ſome danger: 'tis like a dormant title; one wou'd not give it up, tho' it may not ſuit us to aſſume it.

Mrs. W. A-propos, to a title—now your year of widowhood is up, have you aſk'd a certain queſtion of that little heart of your's, and has the ſly thing ever been brought to confeſſion about this ſame Lord Senſitive, who follows you up and down like your ſhadow?

Lady R. Oh yes—I've talk'd with the ſly thing, as you call it, by the hour about him, and a very edifying converſation it was, I aſſure you.

Mrs.

Mrs. W. Aye, indeed! as how!

Lady R. Why, I took it roundly to task, for I began to perceive it had got ſome fooliſh flutterings, which you good wives know nothing of—now this I did not like; for, being as you ſee a free woman, I reſolve to profit by paſt ſorrows, and not enſlave myſelf any more.

Mrs. W. Humph! that's a widow's reſolution, made without meaning, and broken without remorſe; but for my part, as I don't believe you are at all in love with him, I muſt wonder what amuſement you can find in tormenting him.

Lady R. Law, child! the man torments himſelf; he takes all trouble off my hands, and makes me a bye-ſtander in my own quarrels: He ſees things that never had exiſtence; hears things that were never ſaid; and ſeems to have a phantom ever at his beck, like a conjuror's familiar, that whiſper's in his ear, and drives him upon extravagancies that exceed all credibility.

(Servant *enters.*)

Serv. Lord Senſitive begs permiſſion to pay his reſpects to you.

Lady R. Look you there now—phantom again.—Better ſend him away, for if he gets a haunt of your houſe, he'll be under your couch, behind your bed-curtains, not a corner, cloſet, nor cupboard will be free from him.

Mrs. W. Now I won't ſend him away, for I perceive ſhe's jealous—Provoking creature! how vexatiouſly well dreſt ſhe is! *(aſide)*—Shew my Lord Senſitive up. [*Exit* Servant.

(*Lord* Senſitive *enters.*)

Lord S. I have preſum'd upon the privilege of an old acquaintance—

Mrs. W. To come in ſearch of a new one.—I am much beholden to Lady Ruby for the honor of this viſit.

Lord S. Now that is quite cruel, Mrs. Wrangle; it really gives me pain; but it is my misfortune to have every attention of mine misunderstood.

Mrs. W. Wou'd your lordship be understood then to have no attention for any lady in this room besides myself?

Lord S. I wou'd be thought not to want more temptations than one for visiting Mrs. Wrangle; but whatever interpretation you may please to put upon my attentions, I must think myself highly honor'd when they are regarded as an object either by yourself or Lady Ruby.

Lady R. My Lord!—meaning me?—

Lord S. Madam!

Lady R. I thought I heard my own name; that was all.

Lord S. And do do I offend by pronouncing it? If so, I fear I am guilty even in my sleep—nay in my prayers; for I am apt to name you then.

Mrs. W. Now that's too much, by all that's tender!—Heavens, what a Philander! Such milk and sugar speeches make me sick. *(aside.)*

Lord S. I am very unlucky, ladies, and perhaps unseasonably intrude upon some more interesting business; Lady Ruby's thoughts at least seem to be otherwise engag'd than upon the present subject.

Lady R. You are not quite out of your guess; they were just then upon a ramble.—I think, my lord, you was last summer in Italy.—

Lord S. In Italy! Yes, yes, madam, I was in Italy.

Lady R. Did you visit Padua?

Lord S. Padua! No—What do I say? Yes, I have at been Padua.

Lady R. Did you make any long stay there?

Lord S. Really I—I have almost forgot how long I staid.—But pray, madam, why do you wish to know? Have you any particular motive for enquiring how long I staid at Padua, or what pass'd whilst I was there?

Lady R. None, none at all; not the least curiosity, be assur'd.

Mrs.

Mrs. W. Don't believe, her, my lord; ſhe has a motive for every thing, and never ſpeaks without forethought.

Lady R. How can you ſay ſo? Oh! you ſpiteful thing, what a perſecution have you drawn upon me!

Lord S. Indeed and indeed, Lady Ruby, you have alarm'd me: I feel every thing that falls from you, and am tremblingly alive to the ſlighteſt whiſper that may wound my reputation where I am moſt intereſted to guard it. I entreat, if you have heard any thing againſt me, that you will ſuffer me to defend myſelf.

Mrs. W. No time like the preſent, therefore I'll charitably leave you together—which is a good-natur'd way of making you perfectly diſagreeable to each other. [*Exit.*

Lord S. It is now in your power, Lady Ruby, to make this abrupt departure of Mrs. Wraugle's the kindeſt action of her life, and the happieſt moment of mine—

Lady R. My lord, I don't perfectly underſtand you.

Lord S. By permitting me to juſtify my character to your entire ſatisfaction:—I will ſuppoſe, madam, you have heard that I had an idle attachment at Padua.

Lady R. I did not hear it was idle.

Lord S. Admit it was a ſerious one then, for argument's ſake—ſuch fooleries, I ſhould hope, do not ſtick faſt to a man's character, eſpecially after the object is ſhaken off and forgotten.

Lady R. Perhaps that may be the worſt part of the ſtory, if the lady was not unworthy—but I am no inquiſitor.

Lord S. I'll not impeach the lady's reputation, neither will I allow it to be ſaid I have dealt diſhonorably with her in any ſhape—If any gentleman dares to fix that aſperſion upon me, I am ready with my anſwer.

Lady R. I don't doubt it; there's a certain argument that anſwers every thing.

Lord

Lord S. I gueſs from whom your information is deriv'd: Mr. Frederick Mowbray has been at Padua—is there ſtill perhaps—

Lady R. Hold, my Lord, I muſt ſet you right in one particular; and I inſiſt on your believing me, when I declare to you, upon my honor, that Frederick Mowbray is not my informer, neither does my information come by any other channel from him.

Lord S. May I aſk the lady's name you ſuppoſe me to have been attach'd to?

Lady R. Sabina Roſny—of noble parents, who had periſh'd under the axe in France; an orphan fugitive, young, beautiful, and friendleſs.

Lord S. I befriended her, I protected her.—If our beſt deeds are to be perverted by detraction, and then urg'd againſt us as crimes, who is ſafe?

Lady R. Innocence.

Lord S. Well, madam, I hope that is my caſe.

Lady R. I hope it is—and if it is, you'll treat ſuch ſtories with contempt.

Lord S. And ſo I do; but I am penetrated, cut to the heart, confounded with—with contrition—no, not that—but with ſhame and vexation, that ſuch ſtories ſhould be entertained by you in any ſerious light.

Lady R. Your agitation makes them ſerious.

Lord S. My agitation is proportion'd to the—to the agony it gives me to ſay—that I regard myſelf as diſmiſs'd, diſcarded, baniſh'd from your ſight for ever. [*Exit.*

Lady R. Guilty upon my honor!

(*Mrs.* Wrangle *enters.*)

Mrs. W. Well, my dear Lady, you have quarrel'd as I ſuppos'd, and parted with high words: and now if his lordſhip ſhould fall to his prayers, I ſhou'd doubt if it will be a bleſſing he'll beſtow upon you.

(*Lord*

(Lord Senſitive *returns.*

Lord S. I ſtep back once more, and for the laſt time—Confuſion! Mrs. Wrangle here?— [*Exit.*

Mrs. W. Shall I ſtop him?

Lady R. No, I beſeech you let him go.

Mrs. W. He is terribly agitated.

Lady R. Not a whit more than will do him good; let us hope his fermentation will refine him.

Mrs. W. Ah, my dear lady, I ſee plainly how it will be; you will marry that man; poſitively you will marry him.

Lady R. If you are poſitively right and infallible in your predictions, it muſt be ſo; if I have any thing to ſay to it, I ſhall beg leave to doubt—But time flies faſt in your ſociety, and I have been making you a moſt unconſcionable viſit—May I requeſt your ſervant to order up my coach?

Mrs. W. Muſt I part from you?—Who waits? *(Servant appears.)* Order Lady Ruby's ſervants.

Lady R. Well, good bye to you!—we ſhall meet at the opera.

Mrs. W. My dear, dear friend, all happineſs attend you!

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

(Billy Buſtler *and Mrs.* Kate.)

Billy Buſtler.

WELL, Kate! well, girl; now let us hear how it goes in the kitchen quarter—It comes a little mal-à-propos to be ſure, for I'm plaguy buſy; but I know you like to ſet out a dinner, ſo give us your bill o' fare.

Kate. Why, you know, Billy, this is Michaelmas-day.

Billy B. Yes, yes, I know that faſt enough: I hope you have a gooſe.

Kate. Law! brother! how you ſnap one up—to be ſure there is a gooſe.

Billy B. At firſt courſe I hope—bottom diſh.—

Kate. No, the gooſe is at top.

Billy B. I tell you no, my gooſe ſhall be at bottom.

Kate. Why then you muſt have two gooſes, for no one ſhall cut it up but myſelf. There's a boil'd leg of corn'd pork for your carving; I hope you call that a bottom diſh—with a peaſe-pudding on one ſide, and a bowl of apple-ſauce on the other.

Billy B. I'll tell you what, Kate, I can't give up the gooſe; I love to have him under my own noſe, ſmoking with ſage and onions—Oh! he's a ſavoury fellow—can't give him up, Kate; can't, upon my ſoul.

Kate. Then you muſt give up me, for I won't ſit at table on any other terms.—You indeed to diſpute with me about tops and bottoms!—with me, who cou'd have ſet out ſeven and eleven before you was man enough to tuck a napkin under your chin! Do pr'ythee keep to your own receipt-book, and leave me to mine; I know it all, from a lark to a loin of beef, and in the oeconomy of the table

table woud'nt hold a candle to Hannah Glaſs herſelf, if ſhe was living and here preſent.

(David *enters.*)

David. Heyday! how came this to paſs? here's a breeze indeed! here's a ripple!—Kitty, my charmer, who has vext you?

Kate. Why, Billy has vext me; he will chatter about things he knows nothing of.

Billy B. I've done, I've done; ſerve up the gooſe in your own way.

David. Out upon him, for a lubber! he has been running foul of the kitchen hawlyards, after his old faſhion.

Billy B. No, no, it's all over; there's an end; I knock under: Your preſence, Pickle, always makes peace.

David. Why, how long have you liv'd by the ſea, friend Buſtler, not to find out that it's ſure to make rough water where two tides meet? Kitty's temper is as ſmooth as a mill-pond, if you won't put in your oar. Come, come, let us be all in good humour with each other, for I've a favor to aſk of you.

Kate. What is that, lapwing?

David. Oh! quite a ſmall matter; I know you'll grant it at the firſt word.

Kate. It ſhall go hard but I'll try for it. Let us hear it.

David. Why, 'tis only to accomodate a friend of mine with a night or two's lodging in your ſpare cabin.

Kate. Is that all?

David. Yes; that's all.

Billy B. Any friend of your's, my dear boy, ſhall be welcome to my houſe, bed and board, for as long as he likes.—Why did'n't you bring the gentleman with you?

David. Gentleman! No, no, the gentleman in this caſe happens to be a lady.

Kate.

Kate. Ah! gemini! you little wicked devil, would you foiſt your naughty huſſies into my houſe?

David. Who ſays ſhe's a naughty huſſey? She's as ſpotleſs a virgin as yourſelf, only ſhe is not ſo obſtinately bent to continue one; for ſhe's about to be married out of hand.

Kate. Get you gone, get you gone! I'll have nothing to do with her.

Billy B. Hold, hold, let us underſtand this a little better. What is the lady's name—who is ſhe going to marry—and how are you intereſted about her? I don't think David Mowbray would bring a bad woman into my family.

David. Why, who can ſuppoſe I wou'd? But with reſpect to entering into her hiſtory with you, I can't do it; for 'tis brother Frederick's affair, and he'll ſatisfy you in all points. It is not I that am going to marry her, but he; all I know is, that ſhe is a perſon of rank, and an emigrant. Take notice, I have never ſeen her, and moreover it is a cloſe ſecret from father.

Kate. Billy, Billy, if it is a ſecret affair, don't meddle or make with it: as ſure as can be you'll get into hot water with Sir Miles Mowbray.

Billy B. Hot water indeed! let him take care then he don't ſcald his own fingers. I ſhall act the ſtrait part by my friend David; if he deceives me, that is his fault; if I deceive him, I am a flincher, and no true Engliſhman—ſo I ſay the lady ſhall be welcome: I ſay it, and who ſhall gainſay it?

David. Come, ſweet Kate, it only wants your concurrence; take a little pity into your heart for a poor orphan ſtranger, driven out of her own country by the murderers of her parents, and give her a ſmall ſample of your hoſpitality, for the honor of old England.

Kate. Nay if ſhe is an orphan and a ſtranger, and a fugitive from that cruel country, who but a monſter wou'd refuſe to take her in? I'll not be outdone in charity by any body.—Let her come

when

when ſhe will, I'll do every thing in my power for her.

Billy B. Well ſaid, Kate! thou art a kind ſoul, tho' a dear lover of a little contradiction.

David. When there's a good heart at bottom, what matters it how you get to it?—But I'm going to my brother, and when I bring him in my hand, I ſhall bring one, for whoſe honor I will vouch with my life. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Scene changes.—Mr. and Mrs. Wrangle.

Mr. W. So, child, how comes it to paſs you are not at the opera to-night?

Mrs. W. The fates decreed it otherwiſe.

Mr. W. Nonſenſe! the fates indeed! You have other reaſons than they can give you.

Mrs. W. Well, if you are not contented with the fates, you muſt make enquiry amongſt the caſualties—Your coach broke down with me at the opera door.

Mr. W. My coach! my new coach!

Mrs. W. The very ſame; and for an accident methinks you have come of reaſonably well. If my limbs had been broken at the ſame time, you wou'd have had double repairs on your hands.

Mr. W. Humph! are my horſes ſafe?

Mrs. W. They are jobs, you know; you need have no feeling for them.

Mr. W. How did you come home?

Mrs. W. Took the firſt carriage that was offer'd me.

Mr. W. And whoſe was that?

Mrs. W. Colonel, Colonel—I can't think of the man's name.

Mr. W. Come, come, I know your man. I'll bet ten to one 'twas Colonel Doricourt's.

Mrs. W. That's high odds, but you'd win the wager.

Mr. W. You came home with Colonel Doricourt—?

Mrs. W. Exactly ſo.

Mrs.

Mr. W. Damnation! then there are more repairs on my hands than a broken carriage; there is a ruin'd reputation.

Mrs. W. Carry in your damages: the gentleman will ſatisfy you.

Mr. W. And do you think I'll be ſatisfied with this cool contempt, this inſolent indifference to my juſt remonſtrances? No, Madam, your new method of inſenſibility won't ſerve: I'll make you feel, before we part.

Mrs. W. Keep your temper, Mr. Wrangle.

Mr. W. I'll not keep my temper.

Mrs. W. Throw it aſide then, and get a better; for it is thoroughly worn out, and no longer fit for any gentleman's wear.

(*Sir* Miles Mowbray *enters.*)

Sir Miles. So, ſo, ſo! very good, very good! Here you both are, cloſe as ever: here I left you, and here I find you, ſtill the ſame, ever fond and loving, ever happy in each other.

Mr. W. Oh! ſupremely happy!—

Mrs. W. Both ſuperlatively bleſt!—

Sir Miles. Yes, yes, I know it well: and why are you ſo ſuperlatively bleſt, but becauſe you had the grace to diſcover that I cou'd chooſe better for you than you cou'd for yourſelf? Why is a father call'd the head of his family, but as it is his buſineſs to think for all thoſe whoſe heads can't think for themſelves? The human heart, children, has been my peculiar ſtudy; and as I have kept myſelf exempt from all thoſe paſſions that diſturb it, I may ſay without vanity, I am maſter of the ſubject.

Mr. W. And pray, Sir, may I aſk how you became thus learned in the paſſions, having never experienc'd the effects of them?

Sir Miles. As a phyſician finds out a diſeaſe without feeling it; by natural intuition and deep reflection.

Mrs.

Mrs. W. And by which of theſe do you diſcover to a certainty that I am as happy as I pretend to be?

Sir Miles. Can I fail to diſcover it is day when the ſun ſhines? If there were any hypocriſy in your heart, can you ſuppoſe it would eſcape me? When your brother Frederic was in love, did not I find it out? Yet I never was the dupe of that nonſenſical paſſion myſelf.

Mrs. W. So I ſhou'd think, Sir, when you undertook to reaſon him out of it.

Sir Miles. Aye, Madam, and now you ſhall ſee I'll reaſon him into it.

Mr. W. That I ſhou'd gueſs will be no hard taſk, if Lady Ruby is the object. Mr. Mowbray will be a happy man if he obtains her.

Mrs W. He'll be a rich one at leaſt: why you ſhou'd ſo decidedly ſay he will be a happy one, I am at a loſs to gueſs, becauſe I know the lady is no favourite of your's.

Mr. W I can have no favourites, whilſt one reigns miſtreſs of my heart, compar'd with whom all other objects are as nothing.

Sir Miles. Do you hear that, Lyddy? By my ſoul, Wrangle, tho' I ſay it to my daughter's face, (and ſhe's a good girl, I confeſs) thou art enough to ſpoil any wife in England.

Mrs. W. Not with kindneſs, I ſhou'd think.

Mr. W. Can I poſſibly be too kind to ſuch a wife?

Sir Miles. No, but you may talk too much about it; you may turn her head with too many fine ſpeeches.

Mrs. W. I wiſh you had heard what fine ſpeeches he made to me juſt now.

Sir Miles. I don't doubt it.

Mrs. W. I had the misfortune to have my coach broke down at the opera. I have ſeen huſbands that will fret and fume at ſuch an accident, and ſcold the poor wife without mercy.

Sir

Sir Miles. Aye, thoſe are peeviſh paltry fellows truly.

Mrs. W. Are they not? Yet even theſe, who are ſuch tyrants out of ſight, ſhall be ſycophants to your face, and paſs themſelves upon the world for the beſt of huſbands, by the mean reſource of flattery and fine ſpeeches.

Sir Miles. Very true, they are the moſt loathſome characters in nature.

Mrs. W. I think ſo from my ſoul—and all the while the poor wife, tho' in fact the moſt miſerable of beings, ſhall be falſly ſuppoſ'd the happieſt of women.

Sir Miles. That is the moſt provoking circumſtance of all.

Mrs. W. Inſupportably ſo in my opinion—Then the odious creature is ſo jealous upon every trifling occaſion, and ſo petulant withal, that one knows not which he is moſt to be deſpiſ'd for, his captiouſneſs or his cruelty.

Sir Miles. Ah child, child! had you been refractory and ſelf-will'd, all theſe miſeries might have fallen upon you; whereas, by following my judgment in the great concern of life, you have all the bleſſings of wedlock, and eſcape its ſorrows.—So farewell! I leave you happy; I have made you happy; and if I have the ſame ſucceſs with Lady Ruby, to whom I am now going, we ſhall all be happy. [*Exit.*

Mr. W. My deareſt life, permit me to attend upon you—Honor me ſo far as to give me your hand.

Mrs. W. Oh! that I could recall the day when I did give you my hand! neither force, nor flattery, nor all the fortune upon earth, ſhou'd prevail with me to conſent to it. [*Exeunt.*

A Chamber in Lady Ruby's *Houſe.*

(*Lady* Ruby *and Waiting Woman.*)

Lady R. When Lord Senſitive's confidential ſervant inform'd you of his attachment for Sabina Roſny, did he ſpeak of her as a woman of character?

W. Woman.

W. Woman. Oh yes, my lady; he gave the young gentlewoman a very high character.

Lady R. For her diſcretion, I aſk you?

W. Woman. For her good qualities, my lady, her accompliſhments, and above all, for her beauty.

Lady R. Pooh! her beauty is out of the queſtion; I am ſimply talking of her character, of her conduct.

W. Woman. Pardon me, madam, I did not think it handſome to be over-curious about conduct; for I concluded Mr. Carrington too much a man of honor to betray his maſter's ſecrets.

Lady R. So it ſhou'd ſeem indeed, by his taking you into counſel for the keeping them.—You may leave me. [*Exit W. Woman.*

(Servant *enters.*)

Servant. Lord Senſitive deliver'd this himſelf, and bids me ſay he attends to know your ladyſhip's pleaſure. [*Delivers a Note.*

Lady R. Very well! *(reads it.)*—My compliments to his lordſhip, and if he wiſhes to walk up, I am at home. [*Exit Servant.*

So! here's another explanation to undergo—Ah! man, man! poſitively thou art the moſt irrational, nonſenſical animal in the creation.

(*Lord* Senſitive *enters.*)

Lord S. Am I permitted once more to approach you?

Lady R. You have the ſame permiſſion, my Lord, that you always had.

Lord S. I am ſenſible my viſits can no longer be acceptable to you: where ſuſpicion has taken hold, kindneſs cannot keep its place; I had therefore determined never to intrude again, but a natural wiſh to attempt my juſtification, and, more than all, a natural weakneſs, which my heart cannot inſtantly

inſtantly ſhake off, induce me once more, and for the laſt time, to ſolicit an admiſſion.

Lady R. I am happy to ſee your lordſhip upon any terms; and I hope you will repeat your viſits for the laſt time ſo often, that our acquaintance will improve by it.

Lord S. Ah, madam, madam, whilſt you can ſport with my feelings in this manner, your levity convinces me how indifferent I am to you: nay, I believe from my ſoul I am become your averſion; and I am aſtoniſh'd, when your ladyſhip ſo well knows the real motives of my viſits here, you have not ordered your doors to be ſhut againſt ſo unwelcome an intruder.

Lady R. Pray, my Lord, what is our quarrel juſt now? and why ſhou'd my doors, that are apt to be open to all perſons of honor, and my friends in general, be ſhut againſt you in particular?

Lord S. Becauſe I underſtand ſome tattling buſybody has impreſſed you with unfavourable notions of my conduct, in an affair, which delicacy forbids me to explain.

Lady R. Then let delicacy prevail with you to forbear the ſubject. We may be good friends without ſearching into the ſecrets of each other's heart.

Lord S. Right, madam, 'tis a compromiſe that ſaves us both from an unpleaſant taſk: my heart is not pure enough for your inſpection; your's, was I to ſearch it, would diſcloſe all the tender feelings, all the fond unabated affections, that are there glowing and alive for a certain perſon, who ſways it ſtill, tho' abſent and neglectful.—'Sdeath, madam! it is a diſcovery that would drive me into madneſs, nor will I ſtoop to friendſhip where I have once aſpir'd to love!

Lady R. That is ſincere at leaſt: you think my nature ſteady to a firſt attachment; credit yourſelf for the ſame principle, and we have each of us our ſeparate purſuits; they claſh no longer.

Lord

Lord S. May I then be permitted to aſk you one plain queſtion?

Lady R. With all my heart; propoſe it.

Lord S. Are you not at this moment ſtill ſo wedded to a firſt attachment, as to be no longer ſuſceptible of any other?

Lady R. That is a queſtion, let me obſerve to you, that none but the moſt intimate friend could expect an anſwer to; how then can your lordſhip look for it, when you will not ſubmit to be regarded in that character?

Lord S. But if a lover preſum'd to put ſuch a queſtion, wou'd you wave it in his caſe?

Lady R. If he was a man I diſlik'd, I might perhaps avail myſelf of ſo fair an opportunity for getting rid of him; if he was one I eſteem'd, I ſhou'd be ſorry to find he had ſo ſelf-tormenting a curioſity belonging to him.

Lord S. Oh, loveliеſt of women! ever charming, ever irreſiſtible, pardon my too-anxious ſenſibility, and pity one who lives but in your ſight. I find it is impoſſible to eſcape—ſcorn me, trifle with me, torture me as you will, ſtill I muſt adore you.

Lady R. Muſt you be always in extremes? Now you are more intolerable than ever.—Let go my hand I deſire of you.

Lord S. Grudge me not this ſhort reſpite from my anguiſh; for pity's ſake do not leave me.

Lady R. Poſitively I muſt.—Ah! you have cruſh'd my hand—releaſe it, I beſeech you.

Lord S. Spare me theſe few moments, I am not ſo preſumptuous as to flatter myſelf they can laſt.

Lady R. I hardly think they ſhou'd; I don't believe any human hand could bear to be ſo ſqueez'd much longer.

Lord S. Thus let me atone the injury I have done it. *(Kiſſes her hand.)*

Lady R. I perceive, my lord, our interviews ſhould laſt no longer than whilſt we keep up the ſpirit of controverſy; as ſoon as ever we begin to be of the ſame mind, it is time we ſhould part.

Servant

(Servant *enters.*)

Servant. Sir Miles Mowbray begs the honor of a few minutes converſation with your ladyſhip.

Lord. S. There, there, there! all my apprehenſions are verified.

Lady R. Huſh, huſh!—wait without a few moments.—(*Servant retires.*)—I confeſs I'm puzzled to account for this viſit.

Lord S. So am not I—His motives are too clear: your fortune is the loadſtone; he comes to make propoſals for his ſon.

Lady R. Ridiculous! Go, go, you ſhall not ſtay a minute longer; I muſt admit him.—Who waits?—Tell Sir Miles Mowbray, I am at his ſervice.

Lord S. Well, Madam—if it muſt be ſo, and if Sir Miles's buſineſs is ſo very intereſting—

Lady R. Don't be ſo tireſome.

Lord S. I will obey—And yet—Oh! Lady Ruby think of me! [*Exit.*

(*Sir* Miles Mowbray *enters.*)

Sir Miles. I am your ladyſhip's very humble ſervant—greatly oblig'd to you for this indulgence, very greatly oblig'd to you indeed. I am a ſuitor to your ladyſhip, under favor, for a few moments of your patience, if my requeſt be not unſeaſonable.

Lady R. I am entirely at your command, Sir Miles.—Be pleas'd to take a chair.

Sir Miles. Not ſo my lady; let me entreat you to be ſeated firſt.

Lady R. Pray uſe no ceremony—With your leave I will ſit by you.

Sir Miles. I humbly thank you.—In truth, my lady, I do greatly covet to be near you, near in every ſenſe. Believe me I ſhou'd greet the moment as the happieſt of my life, that connected me and mine in the cloſeſt and neareſt alliance with your ladyſhip.

Lady

Lady R. Has that always been your wiſh?

Sir Miles. Madam!—My lady!—*(Ahem)* I am not ſure I rightly comprehend your ladyſhip's queſtion.

Lady R. If I remind you of your paſt opinion, Sir Miles, it is becauſe I wou'd not have you be deceived as to your preſent one—I do not think that within the period ſince you and I have ceas'd to be acquainted I have any ſuch acquirements to boaſt of as ſhou'd induce you think better of me now that I am a widow, than you did before I was a wife.

Sir Miles. 'Tis a proof of your modeſty, that you are pleas'd to ſay ſo; and what is ſo engaging? 'tis a token of your candor and ſincerity (amiable qualities!) and I always did you the juſtice to ſay that you poſſeſs'd them in a very eminent degree.

Lady R. Indeed! did you ſay that?

Sir Miles. I did, I did upon my ſoul—I ſaid it, I thought it.

Lady R. Then I ſuſpect you do not think better of a woman for being only modeſt, candid, and ſincere,

Sir Miles. Pardon me, Madam! Can I give a ſtronger proof how highly I eſteem thoſe virtues than by tendering you my ſon, my eldeſt ſon Frederick?

Lady R. Bleſs me! wou'd you recommend ſo bad a bargain to your ſon?

Sir Miles. How ſo, my lady? how ſo? Why do you ſay—ſo bad a bargain?

Lady R. Becauſe you have only reckon'd up a ragged troop of virtues, which you once turn'd from your doors, when they were in better plight than at preſent, without naming money, which, I believe, in your opinion, is a virtue worth them all.

Sir Miles. I know the value of money, Madam, tho' I won't call it a virtue; and I own to you that Sir Paul Ruby's property, ſo worthily bequeath'd to your ladyſhip, conſolidated with what Frederick,

as my heir, may expect, are circumſtances not to be overlooked in the calculations of a prudent father.

Lady R. Well, Sir Miles, I am ſtill ſo much your ſon's friend as to rejoice at having diſcover'd, that when intereſt prompts you to ſeek out an alliance for him, the good qualities of the lady you contract with will be no bar to your bargain.

Sir Miles. Very much on the contrary, very much indeed; and therefore let me hope, my good lady, when my ſon, whom I look for hourly, ſhall arrive, you will graciouſly permit me to lay him at your feet.—In this hope I humbly take my leave—

Lady R. Your patience for a moment:—Whatever hopes you are pleaſed to found upon this converſation, I muſt candidly tell you they are not at all to be depended upon; and recollect, Sir Miles, that if my affection for your ſon is now extinguiſh'd, it was your own authority that put an end to it;—let me add, that if I am not greatly flatter'd by the honor of this viſit, it is becauſe I clearly comprehend the motives of it.

Sir Miles. My lady, I — I — I am your very humble ſervant.

Lady R. Your moſt obedient, Sir Miles Mowbray.—Who waits? [*Exit* Sir Miles.

O, Frederick, Frederick! falſe forgetful man! Did you but feel thoſe wiſhes, which your intereſted father expreſſes, how little wou'd you need an advocate!—how eaſily wou'd my reſentment be appeas'd!

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

(Frederick; Sabina.)

Frederick.

FRIEND of my life! my benevolent preſerver! I have now happily accompliſh'd one effort of my gratitude, by eſcorting you to an aſylum, where perſecution cannot reach you.

Sabina. Generous Mowbray! I do wiſh to tell you, in the language you have taught me, how my poor heart is penetrated with your goodneſs to me, but I am not eloquent; I can only ſay I do thank you for your care of me, and for bringing me to your charitable country, which I do honor from my ſoul; indeed I do honor it; but, alas! it is not for me ever to be happy in it.

Fred. Why do you ſay that? I am incapable of deceiving you: this inſtant I am going to my father, and be aſſur'd it ſhall not be many days before the dubious ſituation you are in ſhall be honorably done away, and all my promiſes fulfill'd

Sabina. No, no, no, my good friend, I ſhall not call upon you for thoſe promiſes; we are now in England, and thoſe promiſes are nothing, they are void.

Fred. What can you mean, Sabina? Do you ſuſpect my integrity?

Sabina. I do not ſuſpect you at all—but you was ſick, take notice, very ſick, and derang'd in your ſenſes, when, becauſe I did do my poſſible in pity and compaſſion, to aſſiſt you in your malady, you was pleas'd to make thoſe promiſes you ſpeak, and I did let them paſs for the time, ſaying nothing to the contrary of them, becauſe they were very good and commodious for me, as a ſingle woman, travelling alone with you, under protection of your honor; but now that you are at home again, and, thanks to Heaven! in good health,

health, I ſhall not be ſo baſe to let you ruin yourſelf by marrying poor me, only becauſe you pledg'd your word when you did hardly know what that word meant.

Fred. Nobly conceiv'd! but I am not that wretch, to ſacrifice my honor to a mean and mercenary evaſion: Tho' my heart has been wounded, as you know, it has not been debas'd; and I am determin'd to go this inſtant to my father, and announce the reſolution I have taken.

Sabina. Stop, I conjure you, ſtop! I have ſomething on my mind to tell you.—Ah, miſericorde! What is a-coming now?

(Lady Ruby *enters.*)

Lady R. Bleſs me! I did not know this room was occupied: I beg a thouſand pardons—Mr. Mowbray!—

Fred. Lady Ruby!—this is indeed a ſurprize.

Lady R. I deſire I may not break in upon your conference, Sir. My buſineſs with the maſter of this houſe may be tranſacted in his office.

Fred. Our conference, Madam, is at an end. I was on the point of my departure.

Lady R. By no means let me haſten it: I ſhou'd be ſorry to deprive the lady of one moment of your company.

Fred. It has been my good fortune to be the lady's companion for ſome time, and we are juſt arriv'd in England. Mademoiſelle Roſny is an emigrant of noble birth, as much to be admir'd for her virtues, as ſhe is to be pitied for her misfortunes.

Lady R. Roſny! is that the lady's name?

Sabina. Yes, Madam, that is my name: Alas! I am the laſt that bear it: Thoſe that did honor to it once are now no more: I am a miſerable ſolitary relict.

Lady R. So young an orphan! How my heart bleeds for you!

Sabina.

Sabina. How good, to feel for the diſtreſs'd and ſtranger! Ah, had you known my parents:—They periſh'd at Marſeilles; I fled to Padua, but ſorrow overtook me; I had great ſufferings there.

Lady R. I can well believe it.—Lord Senſitive has that to anſwer for. *(aſide.)*

Fred. Sabina, you ſhall ſpare yourſelf the painful recital: Lady Ruby, if I rightly know her, is not curious to inquire into the private hiſtories of the unfortunate.

Lady R. In point of idle curioſity, I hope you do me no more than juſtice; but to know misfortunes for the purpoſe of relieving them, permit me to ſay that I am curious.—If Mademoiſelle Roſny ſhou'd prefer the protection of one of her own ſex to her preſent ſituation, my heart and houſe are open to receive her.

Sabina. Oh! that is great conſideration for me truly.

Lady R. What ſay you, amiable Sabina? I am, like you, a ſolitary woman: will you conſent to be my companion and friend?

Sabina. I have all poſſible empreſſment for your goodneſs, and certainly ſo charming a lady cannot fail to have a tender heart for the unhappy; but I am without a friend in England, except this worthy gentleman, and I do think he will adviſe me for the beſt. It ſeems to me that you are not quite eſtrang'd to one another: Mr. Mowbray is very honorable and good to poor me; I pray you let me hear what he will ſay.

Lady R. Speak, Frederick!

Fred. I ſcarce know how to anſwer.

Lady R. If you believe me worthy of the truſt, and ſincere in wiſhing for it—

Fred. How can I doubt of either? But my connection with this lady is a delicate one.

Lady R. I muſt ſuppoſe it is an honorable one.

Fred. In the ſtricteſt ſenſe. Gratitude not leſs than, under Providence, for my life, bind me to Sabina Roſny. Through the ſad period of an excruciating

excruciating illneſs, her ſoothing pity was my only ſupport—ſnatch'd by her care from death, or a condition worſe than death, could I do leſs than dedicate what's left of life and ſenſes to the generous preſerver of them? I am now going to my father—I need not ſay how much my fate depends upon that interview.

Sabina. No, no, no! I do once more pray and implore of you, Mr. Frederick, not to ſpeak of me to your father: I have reaſons for that, which it would be great pain and difficulty for me to explicate to you; but, ſince my lady is ſo good to permit me to come to her, I do pray you let me avail myſelf of her kind favor, and then, when I will make my confeſſion to her, you ſhall find yourſelf very happy that you have not ſpoken to your father.

Fred. Go then, and may you find your happineſs where mine was loſt!—Oh, Lady Ruby, pardon a diſtracted mind—

Sabina. Be tranquil, my good friend, you ſhall have no cauſe to complain of me; and I am perſuaded this lady, who has the beauty of an angel, has alſo the benevolence of one.

(Kate *and* Billy Buſtler *enter haſtily.*)

Kate. My lady, I am your ladyſhip's moſt obedient humble ſervant!—Pray, my lady, excuſe this ſeeming want of manners; if we had had any item of your ladyſhip's doing us this great honor, things ſhou'd have been in another ſort of faſhion to have welcom'd ſuch a viſitor.

Billy B. Siſter and I had but juſt ſtept out!

Kate. Yes, my lady, brother Billy and I had but juſt ſtept out to provide ſomething dainty for our charming gueſt—and a lovely young lady ſhe is, tho' I ſay it to her face, as any in the kingdom, your ladyſhip always excepted.

Lady R. No apology to me, my good Mrs. Catherine; your brother knows that my buſineſs relates

relates only to ſome ſmall accounts of Sir Paul Ruby's, and thoſe can be adjuſted at any other time as well as the preſent.

Billy B. They are all ready, my lady; examin'd, vouch'd, and balanc'd, with your leave I will bring up the abſtract, and pay in the amount.

Lady R. Another time, if you pleaſe; 'till then I will trouble you to be my banker; every body knows your punctuality, my good friend.

Billy B. Pretty correct, pretty correct, I flatter myſelf, fair lady: hav'nt loſt my credit yet—hope I never ſhall.

Lady R. There is a loſs however you muſt be prepar'd for; I am going to rob you of your amiable gueſt: you muſt pardon me if I take Mademoiſelle Roſny with me.

Billy B. Every thing this houſe contains is ſo entirely at your ladyſhip's command, that if you was to take away not only my amiable gueſt, but ſiſter Kate into the bargain, I muſt ſubmit and obey.

Kate. Law! brother! how you talk! as if ſuch a perſon as me could be company for her ladyſhip—but Miſs Roſny deſerves better entertainment than we can give her; and to be ſure, if your ladyſhip ſo wiſhes, much as we ſhall feel the loſs of her ſweet ſociety, yet, with Mr. Frederick's conſent, we ſhall reſign her.

Sabina. I am very thankful, indeed I am, good madam and good ſir, for your politeneſs; and I am perſuaded that the more I had known you, the more and more I ſhou'd have lov'd you; but adieu for the preſent! I will pay you my devoirs as ſoon as it is in my power.

Kate. The bleſſing of bleſſings light upon you, ſweet innocent! they muſt be monſters who cou'd harm you.

Lady R. Come, my dear, are you ready?

Sabina. One word with you, Mr. Frederick.—Ah, my good friend, give me your hand: I ſhall ſee you ſoon, and you ſhall know all my ſad hiſtory; then you will pity and excuſe me: meanwhile

meanwhile I do pray, if you regard my happineſs or your own, ſay not one word to your father on the ſubject we were ſpeaking of.

Fred. So far I promiſe you, 'till the myſtery is cleared up.—Lady Ruby, I commit to your protection a tender pledge, which, if I had not kept ſacred whilſt under guardianſhip of my honor, I were a wretch too hideous for ſociety. What ſhe has to reveal to you I know not: if misfortunes, you will pity them; if miſtakes, you will pardon them—wrong'd ſhe may be, guilty ſhe cannot be.

Lady R. Oh! Frederick, Frederick! I have much to ſay to you—many things to explain, and ſomething to impart that will ſurpriſe you—Be cautious in your language to your father. After you have conferr'd, let me ſee you.

Fred. Is it poſſible you can wiſh it? Is there an object ſo unwelcome, ſo proſcrib'd as I am?

Lady R. If your heart ſuggeſts that queſtion, why do you truſt me with a charge ſo dear to you? And, if you were unwelcome, why did I ſolicit the truſt? Ah! where is your wonted intuition?

Fred. I can make no reply; I'll ſtrive to fortify my heart, and wait upon you—Shall I attend upon you to your coach?

Lady R. By no means; ſtay where you are.—Here is my beau. [*Exit, attended by* Buſtler, *and followed by* Sabina *and Mrs.* Catherine.

Frederick, *alone.*

Where am I? What is this obſcurity, that gathers like a cloud ready to burſt upon me? Sabina meditates to ſet me free—but why? I cannot penetrate her motives: I have no trace of what I may have divulg'd in the wand'rings of my reaſon. Perhaps ſhe has diſcover'd my firſt love in the perſon of this lady, and means to make a generous ſacrifice of her right in me—I'll not permit it: no! tho' my heart ſhould burſt with the recoil of that unconquerable affection, which the ſight of my enchantreſs

enchantreſs has reviv'd, I never will ſubmit to be a villain, and abandon my preſerver.—David!

(David Mowbray *enters.*)

David. Aye, ſure enough I am he.—Where's Mademoiſelle?

Fred. Gone with Lady Ruby.

David. Is ſhe ſo? then I caught a glimpſe of her for the firſt time.—Well! I ſay nothing, every man to his own fancy; but for my part, brother Frederick, if little England cou'd'nt furniſh me with a mate to my liking, I wou'd be content to go ſingle for the reſt of my days.

Fred. David, we won't talk upon that ſubject juſt now.

David. Very well, then you muſt keep clear of father, for he will talk of nothing elſe; yet I think you ſhou'd ſpeak him quickly, for it's out of chance for you to lie hid in this tattling town much longer.

Fred. I waited only till Sabina was diſpos'd of, and am going to him directly. Will you accompany me?

David. To be ſure I will, if you wiſh it—But harkye, Frederick, I hope you don't take in ill part what I ſaid to you, only becauſe I thought it a pity an honeſt Engliſhman ſhou'd go out of his own country for a wife; whereas, do you ſee, if your heart is pledg'd, why there's an end of the matter.

Fred. There let the matter end then.

David. Enough ſaid, leave it there; only if father comes down upon you with a ſpanking breeze, I wou'd not have him take you at a non-plus.

Fred. A man, who knows his duty, cannot be ſurpriz'd: I am his ſon in all lawful ſervice, but where my honor is engag'd, friend David, I think you will agree with me that an honeſt heart ought not to be ſhaken either by menaces or ſoothings;—

ſo let us bold'y ſet forward, face our fortune, and defy its malice.

David. Come on, my brave fellow! to the laſt breath of my life I will ſtand by you; and if father cuts you off with a ſhilling and leaves me his eſtate, the ſhilling ſhall be mine, and the eſtate ſhall be your's.

SCENE *changes to an apartment in Sir* Miles's *houſe.*

(A Servant paſſes the ſtage—Mr. Wrangle *follows.)*

Mr. W. Robin, Robin!—A word in your ear—

Robin. I humbly beg your pardon, Mr. Wrangle, I did not ſee you.

Mr. W. No offence, my good friend, no offence—How are you, honeſt Robin?

Robin. Thank you, Sir! What are your commands, I pray?

Mr. W. Where's your maſter? where's Sir Miles? I want a word or two with him in private.

Robin. I'll tell him as much. [*Exit.*

Mr. W. Do ſo, do ſo! I'm determin'd it ſhall come out: ſhe threatens to complain of me to her father; and as ſhe always takes care to have the laſt word, it is but fair that I ſhould have the firſt.

(Servant *returns.*)

Robin. I crave your pardon, Sir, but I hope you have no bad news about my young miſtreſs.

Mr. W. Why ſhou'd you ſuppoſe it, Robin?

Robin. Becauſe I hear ſhe had an accident at the opera door; no bad conſequences from the fright I hope—Oh! here my maſter comes. [*Exit.*

(*Sir* Miles Mowbray *and Mr.* Wrangle.)

Sir Miles. So, Wrangle, what's the beſt news with you?

Mr.

Mr. W. I cannot ſay, Sir Miles, that I have any particular good news to impart to you; and yet, with your leave, I would fain ſolicit your attention for a few minutes.

Sir Miles. What's the matter now? Why do you round me with a circumbendibus in this manner, when I ſo often deſire you to ſpeak plainly, and to the point at once?

Mr. W. Well, Sir, then to the point at once.

Sir Miles. To be ſure, that's the way to be underſtood, ſon Wrangle; whereas to be verboſe and circumſtantial, is to be tedious; and when a man is tedious, you know, 'tis ten to one if his hearers are not tir'd with his preamble, before he lets them into the body of his bill.

Mr. W. At the preſent moment I conceive that fault does not lie with me.

Sir Miles. I don't ſay it does, I don't ſay it does; yet a fault it is, lie where it will, and every man has his faults, which it is the part of a friend to tell him of, it is the part of a father—You yourſelf are not without faults, ſon Wrangle.

Mr. W. I own it, Sir; I do not affect to diſguiſe them; but the faults I would recommend to your cognizance are ſecret faults, which you do not ſee, and which I cannot remedy without your help.

Sir Miles. Come, come, Sir, my inſight may go deeper than you are aware of; I have ſpied out ſome lurking peccadilloes in a certain perſon, which I ſhall not deſcant upon in your hearing.

Mr. W. Peccadilloes, do you call 'em? they merit a much harder name, believe me.

Sir Miles. Well, well, well; if for obvious reaſons I don't give them hard names, let that be no proof with you I mean to overlook them.

Mr. W. I hope you will not.

Sir Miles. Be ſure of that, ſon Wrangle; you will hardly doubt but I have my daughter's intereſt very thoroughly at heart, and, having been the author of your union, feel myſelf reſponſible for

for the happineſs or unhappineſs that may reſult from it.

Mr. W. Sir Miles, I honor you for the candor of that very liberal confeſſion: Our's was not a match of paſſion; prudence concerted our alliance, and on your wiſdom I repos'd my hopes; but indeed, and indeed I am not what I ſeem; I am not that happy man you ſuppos'd me to be.

Sir Miles. Why, I'm ſorry for it, but don't deſpair; confiding your ſituation to me, you take a prudent ſtep, and you ſhall find me, my dear Wrangle, a zealous friend to ſerve you—Tempers may be corrected! there ſhall be no want of admonition on my part, in your behalf; in the mean time let it be a ſecret between you and me; don't tell your wife a word of what is paſs'd: I ſhall take the affair into my own hands.

Mr. W. Well, Sir, on that condition I will not let her know I have appeal'd to you.

Sir Miles. Every huſband ought to keep up his conſequence and authority; whereas this wou'd only tend to lower you in her reſpect, as if you had not power of yourſelf to regulate your own concerns, without calling me in to aſſiſt you.

Mr. W. 'Tis very true, I ſee your motives, and am beholden to you for them. Under your fatherly correction, worthy Sir, I may now flatter myſelf we ſhall go on better than ever.

Sir Miles. I hope you will—and now you ſee the good effects of plain ſpeaking; let me adviſe you never to be circumlocutory any more.

(Robert *enters haſtily.*)

Robert. Oh Sir, Sir, Sir! rare news! Maſter Frederick is arriv'd well and hearty; Heaven be prais'd for all things!—Humbly beg pardon for my boldneſs, but I cou'dn't contain myſelf for joy. [*Exit.*

(Frederick *and* David *enter.*)

Sir Miles. How, how, how is all this?—Aye, there he is, ſure enough, my own dear boy come home again.—Welcome, Freddy, welcome again and

and again! And how are you, my brave fellow? glad to ſee old England once more?

Fred. I am happy to ſee you, Sir, in ſuch health and ſpirits.

Sir Miles. Why, for health, thank Heaven! I am pretty well; for ſpirits, look you, I am all the better for the ſight of you.—But hold, hold! here's a new relation of your's, Caleb Wrangle, Eſquire, huſband to our Lyddy, and ſuch a huſband.—Bear up, Wrangle! I'm no blab.—[*aſide.*]—(Aye, that's right, that's right! take him by the hand; give him joy!) though I ſay it to his face, I don't know ſuch another. Davy knows what a fond couple they are; don't you, Davy?

David. Not I, father; that's only known to themſelves.

Sir Miles. Out upon thee, ſurly boots! wilt never be civiliz'd?—Wrangle, I am ſtaunch; I'll ſtand by you. *(aſide.)*

Mr. W. We are ſo rarely favor'd with our brother David's company, that he cannot witneſs what he does not ſee; I flatter myſelf Mr. Frederick will be more neighbourly; but I'll not intrude upon moments ſo precious—I'll run home to my belov'd, and gladden her fond heart with the joyful tidings. [*Exit.*

Sir Miles. There he goes, the paragon of huſbands, bating a few infirmities of temper, which I ſhall ſoon correct.

David. I'll lend you a hand heartily at that job, father, if you want a mate.

Sir Miles. Hold your tongue, ſirrah; if you were as free to find out your own failings, and as candid to confeſs them, as he is, you would be fitter for ſociety than you are.—I hope, ſon Frederick, you at leaſt like your new brother-in-law.

Fred. I hope my ſiſter does, Sir,; that is moſt to the purpoſe: All I can ſay of him is that he ſeems a very civil, ſmooth-ſpoken gentleman.

Sir Miles. You are right, a little too oily-tongu'd; that is a fault to be ſure, but I ſhall correct

that: I own I like a man that ſpeaks his mind boldly.

David. Not when it does not fall in with your own, father.

Sir Miles. Peace, puppy!—I'm now coming to the point with you Frederick.—I have ſent for you home upon an affair of the laſt conſequence to your happineſs and my own: Your firſt love, Lady Ruby, is now a free woman, and one of the greateſt fortunes in the kingdom.

Fred. Her fortune is no lure to me.

David. You like a man that ſpeaks his mind boldly.

Sir Miles. Get out of my ſight!—Her fortune no lure! You was in love with her then for her poverty, was you not? You lik'd her beſt when you had a fair chance of ſtarving with her?

Fred. Not ſo, Sir; but as you conſider'd her good qualities but as duſt in the ſcale 'till money was thrown into it, I conſider money but as duſt to duſt.

Sir Miles. Your humble ſervant, Sir!—You may march back to your old quarters; your head is turn'd, you have fill'd it with foreign vapor and outlandiſh rhodomontade.

Fred. I hope I did not go out of my own country to be taught the duties of a man of honor.

Sir Miles. I wiſh you wou'd learn the duties of a ſon, and not inſult my ears with that puppily word honor: I can remark you have always the honor to think differently from me; if it was not for that ſame honor of running counter to my wiſhes, you wou'd run into this lady's arms; your honor was eager enough for it, when I ſtood your friend, and oppos'd it.

David. Aye, father, you ſpoke your mind boldly then, and now it's Frederick's turn to ſpeak his.

Sir Miles. Saucebox! jackanapes! impudent varlet! If you don't inſtantly vaniſh, by the horns of

of Jupiter Ammon, I ſwear I will extinguiſh you.

David. Say no more, father! I'm off!—Good morning to you. Marry, I'd rather meſs with you a week than a fortnight.—By the horns of Jupiter Ammon—that's a good one, by the Lord Harry!— [*Exit.*

Fred. With your permiſſion, Sir, I will take my leave for the preſent—

Sir Miles. Sir, you may take it for everlaſting—I care not what becomes of a reprobate ſon.

[*Exeunt* Frederick *and* David.

Ah! poor Wrangle! he has a thouſand faults, but what then? he has the grace to own them.

[*Exit.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT

ACT IV.

(*Lady* Ruby, *and* Sabina Roſny.)

Lady Ruby.

I PRY not into your ſecrets, amiable Sabina; tell me nothing that will give you pain to reveal; but treat me as a friend, who needs no ſpur to ſerve you, nor any other teſtimonies of your innocence than you carry in your countenance.

Sabina. Ah! my dear good lady! you are very conſiderate of me, and have great pity for unhappy Sabina; but it is my duty to explain to you my follies as well as my misfortunes: You are too good in crediting me for my innocence, but I will not be a deceiver, tho' I have myſelf been ſacrific'd by deceit.

Lady R. What do I hear? Has Frederick—

Sabina. Oh! no, no, no! He is perfection of a man, and if he did know my wrongs, I do believe he wou'd expoſe his life for my redreſs; therefore I will not let the name of my betrayer paſs my lips, for fear that it ſhou'd reach his ears.

Lady R. How's this, Sabina? Have you been wrong'd, betray'd, and yet did you conſent to Frederick's propoſal?

Sabina. Not for the univerſe wou'd I conſent; for I do know his heart too well, and my own conſcience ſtill better. Ah! my dear lady, if you can pity me, a ſtranger, for my ſufferings, what muſt you feel for his, when you ſhall know yourſelf to have been the cauſe of them?

Lady R. I!—I the cauſe of them?

Sabina. Ah! yes indeed; it was your marriage broke his heart, his brain; he was a dying, a diſtracted man.

Lady

Lady R. How cou'd my marriage ſo affect him? Had he not forſaken me, had he not renounc'd me, I wou'd have ſuffer'd death ere I wou'd have join'd my hand to any other man's.

Sabina. I know not how that was, I only know how he did rave when his poor mind was gone, and his life almoſt at the laſt moment: I'm ſure, if ever woman was ador'd by man, you are by Mr. Frederick; for myſelf then, if I was free (which I am not) judge if I cou'd in honor marry him.

Lady R. Did he not freely offer it? Does he not ſtill moſt ſtrongly preſs it?

Sabina. He preſſes it in honor, not in heart; and when he offer'd it he was beſide himſelf with rage and diſappointment for the loſs of you: In fine, my Lady, I do wiſh I had a friend juſt now, who wou'd ſay to Mr. Frederick, that Sabina Roſny cannot, if ſhe wou'd, accept his hand; and further, if ſhe cou'd, for his ſake ſhe wou'd not.

Lady R. And who ſo fit to ſay that, as Sabina Roſny herſelf?

Sabina. Alas! Alas! how difficult for me, how dangerous for him! If I ſhou'd ſay how I was treated by a certain perſon of this country, (I did believe all Engliſhmen were honeſt) wou'd he not force me to confeſs the whole? And then—Oh terrible! Is it not better I ſhou'd bury my ſad ſtory in my heart, and ſuffer in ſecret?

Lady R. A villain ſhou'd be dragg'd to light, and puniſh'd by the world's contempt.

Sabina. Let his own conſcience be his puniſhment! Tho' he has ruin'd me, baſely betray'd me by a pretended marriage, and then cruelly abandon'd me; what can I ſay or do? Shall a poor alien like me contend with power like his?—Your laws will not redreſs me; my religion is not his religion: I know not who is that Italian monk that married us; I know not where to find him; or, if I cou'd, what then? My Lord wou'd little care for that.

Lady R. My Lord ſhall care; doubt not but there are means to make him care, and feel and tremble

tremble for his character, which public fame ſhall blaſt thro' all the world, unleſs he does you right.

Sabina. But you don't know him; I did ſay too much when I ſaid unawares "my Lord," but yet I have not nam'd him.

Lady R. I know his name, his nature too I know, and how ſuſceptible he is of the world's fame, how quick of feeling.—Am I not right, Sabina? Is he not very, very—*Senſitive?*

Sabina. Ah! *(ſhrieks)*—You are magicienné.

Lady R. Come, come, you ſee you might as well have truſted me at once; I've fathom'd your deep ſecret. Be now convinc'd, Sabina, a man cannot do wrong in this country, and eſcape diſcovery; in the next place aſſure yourſelf Lord Senſitive is not that man, who can offend without atoning for it: Honor belongs to him ſtill, tho' he can ſhift it off a-while, but nakedneſs will ſoon ſhame him into wearing it again.—Hark! we have a viſitor—perhaps you'll wiſh to ponder on theſe things in private.

Sabina. I pray you let me retire—my heart is very full. [*Exit.*

(*Lord* Senſitive, *Lady* Ruby.)

Lord S. If am too bold in approaching you without ſpecial permiſſion, your ſervants are in the fault, who ſaid they had orders to admit me without reſerve.

Lady R. They told you truth; you may remember I ſaid my doors were open to all perſons of honor; and who fulfils that character more completely than Lord Senſitive?

Lord S. But might I not have interrupted a converſation more agreeable than Lord Senſitive's?—Frederick Mowbray is come home.

Lady R. Well, if he is?

Lord S. Then there is one more votary (and no mean one, I confeſs) to offer incenſe at the ſhrine

of

of that divinity, whom all men worſhip, and all women envy.

Lady R. I cou'd give you a reaſon, my Lord, which I am ſure you wou'd admit to be concluſive, againſt Mr. Mowbray's addreſſing me.

Lord S. May I aſk what ſhou'd prevent him from paying his addreſſes to your ladyſhip?

Lady R. Simply this—becauſe he has pledg'd them elſewhere, and is too much a man of honor to violate his engagements.

Lord S. Oh!—if he is engaged elſewhere—that is if—if he is abſolutely bound—that alters the caſe.

Lady R. To be ſure it does: I knew you wou'd allow the reaſon to be good; I knew you wou'd feel the force of it.

Lord S. I do indeed—I feel the force of it very thoroughly.

Lady R. I'm ſatisfied you do, and I hope you will credit me when I declare to you, upon the word of truth, that if Frederick Mowbray was the one man whom I preferr'd before all men living, and I knew him guilty of having pledg'd his faith to another woman, whom he afterwards abandon'd, I wou'd as ſoon join hands with infamy, and be the outcaſt of ſociety, as with ſuch a traitor.

Lord S. That—that is very ſtrong, Lady Ruby, and beſpeaks your utter abhorrence of double-dealing; but you will permit me to obſerve that much wou'd depend upon who, and what the woman was.

Lady R. I wou'd not hear of ſuch a plea, and you, my Lord, wou'd be the laſt man living to allow of it; 'twou'd be a mere evaſion, not a mitigation of his guilt—Every mean wretch can blaſt the reputation of the fond believing victim, whom his unmanly cunning has ſeduc'd, and his unprincipled inconſtancy deſerted.

Lord S. That is quite unanſwerable, Lady Ruby; that brings it home to a man's conſcience, I confeſs: I have nothing to offer in defence of ſuch a proceeding.

Lady

Lady R. No, no, there is no ſophiſtry can palliate ſeduction—What then wou'd you ſay, if, in aggravation of his wickedneſs, he had abus'd her credulity by a pretended marriage?

Lord S. Madam!—Madam!—Who told you this?

Lady R. Who told me? What is it you mean? I am ſuppoſing a caſe, and did you underſtand I was ſtating a fact? I hope there is no one (of my acquaintance at leaſt) whoſe conſcience can plead guilty to a charge like this; if there is, I am ſure Frederick Mowbray is not the man.—So now your Lordſhip ſees I have ſet you perfectly at your eaſe about him.

Lord S. I cannot ſay Madam, I am juſt now perfectly at my eaſe.

Lady R. Why how now, my good Lord! I think I have been tolerably explicit.

Lord S. Yes, yes, I don't complain of that; I perfectly underſtand you.

Lady R. Well then, what ails you?

Lord S. Oh! I have many ails.

Lady R. What other phantom have you conjur'd up?—Come, come, you are very dull company; I ſhall not let you in another time, if you are ſuch a melancholy gentleman.

Lord S. I will aſk to be admitted to you but once more, before I take my leave for ever. I moſt heartily beg your pardon for all the fooliſh things I have ſaid or done ſince I had the honor of knowing you: I was betray'd into involuntary admiration; it is not eaſy to reflect within the ſphere of your attraction, but I have regain'd my ſenſes, and ſhall be out of England before three days are at an end.

Lady R. Aye, ſo you ſay; but this is one of your freaks: however, I conjure you let me ſee you before you go—Promiſe me this—

Lord S. I promiſe.

Lady R. Upon your honor?

Lord S. Solemnly I promiſe—Then you ſhall know me better. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *The Street.*

(David, *meeting* Billy Buſtler.)

David. Ah! Billy, my fine fellow, how fares it with you?

Billy B. I don't know whether I ſhall ſpeak to you; I am not ſure I ſhall acknowledge you.

David. Heyday! What's in the wind now, my heart of oak? What have I done to offend you?

Billy B. What have you done? Inquire of ſiſter Kate; ſhe'll let you know what you have done, and ſet her claws into your face at the ſame time for your doings. You have brought a naughty woman into our houſe.

David. 'Tis falſe.

Billy B. Don't ſay ſo! I have proof poſitive.—She a virtuous ſuffering innocent!—She to be married to your brother Mowbray! No ſuch thing, friend David; ſhe is married already, and your honorable brother has made free to ſteal a march with another man's wife.

David. I'll tell you what, Billy, in one word—either prove what you ſay, prove it upon the ſpot, or fall to your prayers and take leave of life, for damn me if you don't tread upon your grave!

Billy B. Read then, and be convinc'd—Here is a trinket ſiſter Kate found in her drawer after ſhe had left us: 'tis the portrait of ſome gentleman; his name is not to it, but ſee what is inſcribed at the back.

David. Give it me, give it me—I ſhou'd know this face.—Aha! my Lord, have I diſcover'd you?—Now for the writing at the back, "*The huſband of the forſaken Sabina!*"—Damnation! Does the world contain ſuch villainy? I'll make him ſwallow it, aye and digeſt it, ere I ſuffer my poor brother to be ſo abus'd.

Billy B. Why, you aſtoniſh me; I never cou'd have thought——

David. Mark me! Don't think at all, for this buſineſs belongs to me: Your only part is to be inviolably ſecret, huſht as death, till I have ſifted it to the minuteſt grain: That done, I will report to you the particulars, and then, as I am ſure my brother's honor will come out clear as the light, you muſt revoke every ſyllable you have utter'd injurious to his reputation.

Billy B. Aye, aye, revoke—one of us muſt revoke; for I'll ſwear there is a foul trick ſomewhere.—So your humble ſervant. [*Exit.*

David. Now which tack ſhall I be upon? Whether to begin firſt with Madam, or Monſieur; (for I am poſitive this leering traitor is Lord Senſitive) or, firſt and foremoſt, to make ſure of my poor Frederick, and ſnatch him from the ſnare, is a queſtion that—I need not debate upon, for here he comes.—How now, Fred, whither bound?

(Frederick *enters.*)

Fred. In your phraſe I anſwer, on a dangerous coaſt; I believe I am raſh enough to be going to Lady Ruby.

David. I believe not.

Fred. Why do you ſay that?

David. Becauſe I think your raſhneſs will not attempt to make its paſſage thro' my body, and there is no other road.

Fred. I comprehend you, and I take your motive in good part: You ſee my weakneſs, you perceive I am relapſing into my former paſſion for Lady Ruby, and you tremble for the honor I have pledg'd to Sabina Roſny.

David. You are right; I tremble for your honor, I plant myſelf between you and ruin; and I conjure you, nay, I compel you turn back with me from that houſe, which will elſe be the tomb of your happineſs, your fortune, and your fame.

Fred. Explain yourſelf.

David.

David. I cannot now; I will hereafter.—Anſwer me this, are you married to the Frenchwoman?

Fred. I am not.

David. Thank Heaven!

Fred. Speak of her however more reſpectfully, if you mean we ſhould be friends.

David. Friends, friends! Who dares to call my friendſhip into queſtion, when I have pledg'd it to a brother?—I am no trifler, Frederick.

Fred. I will not treat you as ſuch, but follow you as my guardian genius, ſent to ſnatch me from diſgrace; for, alas! I muſt confeſs to you I am loſt if I behold that ſyren, who firſt took poſſeſſion of my ſoul.—Come, let us fly! Whither ſhall we go? Carry me to my ſiſter.

David. To your ſiſter then!—Hav'nt you ſeen her yet?

Fred. Not I; Lady Ruby, Lady Ruby is the loadſtone that draws away every particle of ſteel that ſhou'd fortify my heart, and leaves it weaker than a woman's tear.

David. What's all that, brother? A kind of gabble I don't deal in, nor aim to underſtand: Let actions ſpeak for me.—Come along. [*Exeunt.*

(*The Houſe of Mr.* Wrangle.)

(*Mr.* Wrangle, *ſpeaking to a Servant.*)

Mr. W. Tell your miſtreſs I wou'd ſpeak with her before ſhe goes out. Hold! I ſee ſhe is coming.—Leave me. [*Exit Servant.*

(*Mrs.* Wrangle *enters.*)

So, Madam, you are on the wing, I perceive: Have you any very preſſing engagements on your hands?

Mrs. W. Half a hundred.

Mr. W. And ſuppoſe I had a wiſh to engroſs a few minutes of your converſation, how many of

theſe very preſſing engagements wou'd you diſpenſe with at my requeſt?

Mrs. W. Ridiculous! What converſation can you want with me?

Mr. W. A very ſerious one, be aſſur'd; therefore, with your leave, I will diſmiſs your equipage, and in place of half a hundred frivolous viſits, recommend you a more profitable method of diſpoſing of your time with me. *(He is going.)*

Mrs. W. Hold, Sir! are you mad?

Mr. W. No, Madam, I am not mad; nor will I ſuffer you to act as if you were.

Mrs. W. Do you mean to make your houſe my priſon? Shall I not be allowed to viſit my own father?

Mr. W. By all means your father: I'll go with you to Sir Miles myſelf.

Mrs. W. You are a bold man, Mr. Wrangle, if you will venture to face that accuſation which I ſhall prefer againſt you: I ſhou'd doubt if your hypocriſy will bear you out with my too credulous father any longer.

Mr. W. Try it, Mrs. Wrangle; I ſhall reſort to no hypocriſy; truth will ſerve my purpoſe.

Mrs. W. Are you ſure of that? Shan't you feel a little awkward in attempting ſo very new an experiment? I rather think your intereſt lies in a quarter oppoſite to truth.

Mr. W. I believe, Madam, you will find it pretty ſtrong in a quarter you don't ſuſpect: If you are wiſe, you will be ſilent; Sir Miles Mowbray knows you.

Mrs. W. From your report, I defy him or any perſon elſe to know me, for your malice is too groſs to eſcape detection, and your wit too dull to make even ſcandal entertaining.

(Servant *enters.*)

Serv. Mr. Frederick and Mr. David Mowbray.

[*Exit.*

(Frederick

(Frederick *and* David *enter.*)

Mrs. W. There, there! My protectors are at hand.—Welcome, my dear Frederick! Welcome to England! Welcome to the reſcue of your poor impriſoned ſiſter, whoſe heart panted to be with you, but whoſe tyrant huſband, loſt to all human feelings, wou'd not ſuffer her to depart from his doors!

Fred. What is all this? Can you explain it, Sir?

David. Oh, yes! he can explain any thing.

Fred. How greatly I am ſhock'd, I need not ſay.—I came to give you both a joyful greeting; I am ſaluted by one party with a flaming accuſation, by the other with a ſullen reſerve. What am I to ſay?

Mr. W. The leſs the better, between man and wife.—I hope, gentlemen, you do not combine to over-awe me in my own houſe.

David. Step out of it then with me: the open air is common property, and we will talk together man to man.

Mr. W. I ſhall do no ſuch thing: It is enough for me that I am married to your ſiſter; I am not bound to riſk my life againſt her brothers.

Fred. It will not be requir'd of you, Mr. Wrangle—My brother David is too quick; and I am ſure, when I tell him it is my particular requeſt, he will have the kindneſs to withdraw.

David. With all my heart, for I never wiſh to be under the ſame roof with the man I deſpiſe.

Fred. Huſh, huſh! Impetuous boy!

David. Harkye, Frederick, a word in your ear—Don't quarrel with him; he's below your anger. I am going to Lady Ruby; come to me there; I have thought better of it ſince I prevented you a while ago, and have a ſecret to communicate worth a King's ranſom—Don't fail me. And, look! by Saint George and the Dragon, here comes my father, a joyful witneſs to the happineſs of a match of his own making. [*Exit.*

(*Sir* Miles Mowbray *enters.*)

Sir Miles. What does the puppy prattle about?

Mrs. W. Oh Sir, Sir! don't reprove him for his generous indignation againſt a cruel huſband, who oppreſſes and inſults your poor ſuffering daughter, 'till no longer able to endure her ſorrows and his tyranny, ſhe is compell'd to caſt herſelf at your feet, and implore your pity and protection.

Sir Miles. I'm thunderſtruck! I'm petrified!—This is one fault more, Wrangle, than I thought you had.

Fred. Riſe, ſiſter, riſe! You are too vehement in your remonſtrance; I muſt believe it is not in this gentleman's nature to oppreſs or inſult an unoffending wife, which I hope you are; and I am heartily ſorry you make our father a party in your little domeſtic ſquabbles, which might eaſily be adjuſted without his privity.

Sir Miles. Give me your hand, Frederick, you ſpeak like an angel. I am friends with you from this moment for ever.

Mr. W. Thro' the favor of Mr. Mowbray's temperate interpoſition, for which I am greatly beholden to him, I flatter myſelf I may now have leave to ſpeak.

Sir Miles. By all means Mr. Wrangle, by all means; no man ſpeaks better when his own faults are the topic, and I do not forget the promiſe I have made you.

Mr. W. To that promiſe I now appeal. The cauſe of Mrs. Wrangle's complaint is ſimply this—She had ordered her coach to make half a hundred idle viſits, and I, in the expectation of her brother's coming, wou'd fain have prevail'd with her to ſtay at home and receive him.

Mrs. W. Monſtrous prevarication!

Sir Miles. Huſh, child, huſh!—A ſmall ſtretch upon the truth would have been a ſofter phraſe.

Mr. W. Now, Sir Miles, if you recollect what I hinted to you about your daughter's temper—

Sir

Sir Miles. About my daughter's temper! What is it you mean?—I heard a pretty many broad hints of your own temper, but not one of my daughter's.

Mr. W. Of my temper, Sir? No; whatever faults there may be in my temper, I owe no account of them to you; becauſe, if you had taken the ſmalleſt pains to know me before I married Miſs Mowbray, you muſt have ſeen and confeſs'd I was the laſt perſon living to make her happy, or be happy with her.

Sir Miles. I wiſh you had imparted that to me in good time—Your intelligence, Mr. Wrangle, is rather of the lateſt.

Mrs. W. It is very true, Sir; and had you given me leave to chuſe a huſband for myſelf, Mr. Wrangle, be aſſured, is juſt the very laſt man in exiſtence, on whom I ſhou'd have fix'd my choice.

Sir Miles. Heyday! why then did you both agree in perſuading me you were the happieſt fondeſt couple in all England?

Mrs. W. You perſuaded yourſelf: We were miſerable enough methinks not to be miſtaken.

Mr. W. 'Tis very true: Mrs. Wrangle herſelf will do me the juſtice to ſay I never pretended to be happy with her.

Mrs. W. No, no, we had both a very ſovereign diſlike for each other: 'Tis the only point we ever agreed in.

Sir Miles. Your moſt obedient humble Servant! I am very much oblig'd to you both; and as you ſo lovingly agree in laying all your faults upon me, I leave you in a perfect ſtate of harmony with each other—and I pray Heaven you may live long to enjoy it. [*Exit.*

Fred. Siſter, ſiſter, make it up, I conjure you; where there is blame on both ſides, you ſhou'd exchange forgiveneſs. [*Exit.*

(*Mr. and Mrs.* Wrangle, *after a pauſe.*)

Mr. W. Mrs. Wrangle—Love!

Mrs. W. Mr. Wrangle—My dear!

Mr.

Mr. W. I begin to think—

Mrs. W. What do you begin to think?

Mr. W. That we have expos'd ourſelves very ſufficiently.

Mrs. W. Quite enough in all conſcience.—Why would you complain to my father?

Mr. W. Why wou'd you complain to your brother?

Mrs. W. We were both to blame: Complaints are very fooliſh.

Mr. W. Then away with them at once, ſay I.

Mrs. W. For ever! Let us forbear to gratify our friends, by never publiſhing our diſagreements.

Mr. W. And cure the world of its contempt, by never calling upon it for its pity.

Mrs. W. Agreed! Here's my hand upon it.

Mr. W. And here's my heart; to which I preſs you with the warm affection of a huſband, that will never cool.

Mrs. W. And I return it with the love and duty of a wife, who will never create a murmur, nor utter one again.

Mr. W. Why this is happineſs without hypocriſy.

Mrs. W. Perfect felicity unfeigned.

Mr. W. Oh! joyous huſband!

Mrs. W. Oh! tranſported wife!

[*Exeunt, hand in hand.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT

ACT V.

(*Lady* Ruby, *meeting* David.)

Lady *Ruby.*

OUT upon you, falſe loon! What can you ſay for yourſelf, for not having been near me theſe three long days?

David. Lord love you, my dear Lady, I have been bruſhing up and down this great town about my ſhip affairs, here and there, and every where—And now you know brother Frederick is come home.

Lady R. Oh! you ſea-creature, was you half as much of a lover as you are of a hero, you wou'd underſtand that no excuſe will ſerve for neglecting a fond woman.

David. Always a dab for poor David—but when I am at ſea again, and ſailing in the Venus, I ſhall never caſt a look upon the figure at the head, without thinking of your ladyſhip.

Lady R. That's very fine, David—but come, be ſincere, is'nt it the bon-mot of the ſhip? Can you lay your hand on your heart, and declare you never ſaid that to any body before.

David. Never, never; tho' I don't deny but others have, for I heard Joe Jackſon, our gunner, ſay it to his wife as ſhe went over the ſide at parting.—And now to my buſineſs: I have a ſmall matter of property belonging to Mademoiſelle Roſny, which I wou'd fain deliver into her own hands.

Lady R. From your brother, we'll ſuppoſe—

David. I rather ſuppoſe not—Here it is; not very like Frederick—is it, madam?

Lady R. Lord Senſitive to the very life. Where did you pick up this?

David. Billy Buſtler delivered it to me, open as you ſee; they found it in her toilette, after ſhe had left the houſe.

Lady

Lady R. Have you ſhewn it to your brother?

David. I hardly thought that neceſſary, as the inſcription on the back ſhews the lady to be already provided with a huſband.

Lady R. Yes, yes, I ſee it.—Alas! poor Sabina! this confirms her own ſad ſtory, and his lordſhip's guilt.

David. Does it not do ſomething more than that, if the lady has been carrying on deſigns upon my brother?

Lady R. There you do her wrong.—Who waits?—*(Enter Servant.)*—Tell Mademoiſelle Roſny I deſire to ſpeak with her.—*(Exit Servant.)*—She has no deſigns upon your brother, but in the moſt decided manner has declined his honorable offers. If ſhe has withheld the ſecret from him hitherto, it is ſimply becauſe ſhe wou'd not involve him with Lord Senſitive.—Oh! here ſhe comes!—

(Sabina Roſny enters.)

My dear, this young officer is your friend Mr. Mowbray's brother—I don't know if you have met before.

Sabina. I do not remember to have had that honor.

Lady R. He has ſomething in charge to return to you, from the good people in whoſe houſe he procur'd you a reception.—Do you recollect having left any ſmall article of your property behind you?

Sabina. A picture—I have been ſearching for it every where.

David. I am happy to reſtore it to you, and wiſh I cou'd at the ſame time reſtore the original to a ſenſe of his honor, for I feel it as a diſgrace to myſelf to own him for my countryman.

Sabina. It is ſo your brother wou'd have ſaid, if he had ſeen it; which I hope he has not.

David. No, no, madam; man to man is a fair match; there is no need of two maſters to teach one

one worthleſs individual his duty.—My ſword is at your ſervice.

Sabina. Heaven forbid I ſhou'd employ your ſword, when your country has ſuch need of it! In defending that you defend me, and thouſands like me, who refuge in its generous protection.

(*A Servant enters, and whiſpers Mr.* DAVID.)

David. Very well! I'll come to him.

Lady R. What does he tell you?

David. My brother is below.

Lady R. My dear Sabina, do your ſpirits ſerve you for an interview with Mr. Mowbray?

Sabina. Aid me, my good lady, and I will do my poſſible.

Lady R. Say to Mr. Mowbray, we requeſt the favor of his company. (*Exit Servant.*)—Now, my brave lad, recollect we are not to aggravate your brother's mind againſt Lord Senſitive, for whom I take upon myſelf to anſwer; and you, Sabina, whoſe gentle boſom has long labor'd with a painful ſecret, be aſſur'd one ſhort and final effort will conclude your ſufferings, and reſtore you to your peace.

(Frederick Mowbray *enters.*)

Lady R. Mr. Mowbray we rejoice to ſee you.

Fred. I have obey'd your ladyſhip's commands.

Lady R. You wou'd greatly have diſappointed our wiſhes, if you had not. You ſee I have your amiable fellow-traveller in ſafe keeping; how I have fulfill'd my truſt, and whether I deſerve a further continuation of it, you have a right to know, and ſhe will take occaſion of informing you.

Fred. I cannot doubt your kindneſs, nor her proper ſenſe of it.

David. Lord! brother! how you ſtand!—Oh! that I might but ſpeak!

Fred. Sabina, I am prepared to expect ſome diſcovery from you, that I am intereſted to be inform'd

inform'd of: I rely upon your candor for the fulleſt ſatisfaction, but if you would conſult my feelings, you will aſk permiſſion of Lady Ruby that we may retire.

Sabina. As it ſhall be your will, ſo am I—But if my lady, who knows my ſad hiſtory, and how I am embarras to relate it, wou'd have pity for my confuſion—

Fred. Oh! Sabina, Sabina! you know not what you aſk, nor ſee the ruin you invite upon yourſelf and me.—If you wou'd wiſh to preſerve my ſenſes, patiently to hear and honorably to decide, take me from hence without a moment's loſs.

Sabina. Come then with me; your happineſs, my beſt of friends, is as my own.

Lady R. Stop, if you pleaſe—this room is your's—David and I have ſomething to diſcuſs elſewhere.

David. I wiſh you'd let me ſay it here—A little plain ſailing would bring us all to the point.

Fred. Are you offended with me, loveliest of women?

Lady R. Not much, not quite paſt reconciliation,—a little, it may be, a very little angry—but if you are diſpos'd to make peace, here is my hand?

Fred. Oh! Heavens! my ſoul ſinks in it.—Where, where are you Sabina?

[*Exeunt Lady* Ruby *and* David.

Sabina. You are alarm'd for me, my dear dear friend, without a cauſe. It is my wiſh, my prayer, my ſupplication to Heaven for you, that you may be bleſt and happy all your long life with that charming lady.

Fred. Sabina, what have you a mind to make of me? a villain, a betrayer of my word and faith! or a diſtracted huſband without heart or head?

Sabina. Huſband! that cannot be. I tell you now in verity, as I did tell you before, you cannot be my huſband, becauſe—becauſe—Ah me!

ah

ah me! How ſhall I ſpeak it? I am much aſhamed—

Fred. Speak, I beſeech you!

Sabina. Becauſe—I am already married.

Fred. Married! it cannot be!—Married!—Beware, Sabina; ſolemnly I adjure you to reflect that my unalterable purpoſe cannot be diſpens'd with. If, becauſe you ſee me combating a paſſion that was once my maſter, you ſuppoſe me conquer'd, you miſtake: my faith, my honor, my confirm'd experience of your virtues never can be ſhaken, be the trial ever ſo ſevere.

Sabina. I pray you pardon my poor mode of ſpeaking, but I do feel your goodneſs at my heart—indeed, indeed I do; and be not angry with me, my good friend, for that I did not tell you this before, but it is true no leſs—I am a wife—I will not ſay a happy one, for it was not for me to find a heart like your's; but I will hope the beſt, for I have not merited to be forſaken.

Fred. Is there a monſter living that wou'd forſake you?

Sabina. Oh! yes, for I am poor—My family, my fortune periſh'd—yet I ſhould not expect a noble Engliſhman would make my poverty my crime, when there was nothing elſe that he could urge againſt me.

Fred. Sabina, I muſt now believe that you are ſerious; my part therefore muſt change with your condition: but, tho' ſome obligations are diſſolv'd, others are left in force, which honor cannot acquit me of—therefore, before I aſk the name of your betrayer, be he who may, I ſolemnly devote myſelf to your redreſs.

Sabina. Ah! that is why I tremble to diſcloſe his name.—Oh! my dear friend, I pray you to excuſe me this one day. My Lady Ruby flatters me with hopes all ſhall be well.

Fred. I muſt inſiſt upon his name.

Sabina. No, no, you will not make me more unhappy than I am; you will not ſure refuſe my interceſſion, if I do pray you on my knees.

Fred. Hold, hold ſweet ſupplicant, be not ſo humble! I will not wound your tender ſenſibility for all the earth: Compoſe yourſelf.

Sabina. Oh! when you are ſo good to me, how can I ſtop my tears?

Fred. What can I ſay? what ſhall I do to comfort you?

Sabina. I wiſh, I wiſh, my lady was but here.

Fred. Behold! ſhe comes upon your wiſh.

(*Lady* Ruby *enters.*)

Lady R. My dear, what ails you?

Sabina. Oh, he is ſo generous and ſo kind to poor Sabina, that my heart is fit to break: I do think he is the beſt man living, and I do know he loves you, my ſweet lady—Heaven! how he does love you!—Will you, then, be very angry with me, if I ſhall be ſo bold to ſay, you are the only lady upon earth that does deſerve him.

Lady R. Oh! you ſeducing creature, that is not his opinion; for there is only this diſtinction between your fate and mine, that Frederick ran from me before marriage, Lord Senſitive from you after it.

Fred. Lord Senſitive! I'm thunderſtruck.

Sabina. Ah! what have you ſaid?

Lady R. Was it a ſecret?

Fred. So help me Heaven, I cannot name the man, whoſe honor I wou'd ſo implicitly have vouch'd for as Lord Senſitive.

Lady R. And he'll redeem his honor, be aſſur'd.

Fred. Yes, or his life muſt anſwer it.—I know him well, brave, generous, quick to feel and to reſent each breath that glances at his fame—Either there is ſome error in his brain, or elſe ſome villainous traducer has impos'd on his credulity—I'll probe him to the heart.

Lady

Lady R. Ah, Frederick! there are certain caſes of the heart, which women are ſuppos'd to treat better than men—Leave this to me; if he does not receive his cure from under my hands, I'll then conſent to turn him over as a deſperate caſe to you. [*Loud knocking.*

That muſt be Lord Senſitive.

Sabina. Ah miſericorde! what will now come of me!

Lady R. Away, away! take your fair protegée off the field, and leave it clear for me.—On your allegiance, Frederick, ſtir not from your poſt till I relieve you. [*Exeunt* Frederick *and* Sabina.

Now, conſcience, take our part! 'tis your own cauſe, ſupport it.

(*Lord* Senſitive *enters.*)

Lord S. Lady Ruby, I have remember'd my promiſe; and as I know your late impreſſive words were pointed at my heart, I beg leave to aſſure you they have reach'd it. When I ſay I am your convert, need I add that I am prepared to make atonement to Sabina Roſny?

Lady R. I congratulate your lordſhip on that reſolution, and am perſuaded you can only find your happineſs where you have left your honor.

Lord S. I'll not attempt to varniſh my miſdeeds, I acknowledge that Sabina Roſny has every requiſite of merit, birth, and beauty, to engage and fix my heart.—When I left her, on a ſudden call to England, I was not guilty of a purpoſe to deſert her; my promiſe of a ſpeedy return was ſincerely given—but in the interim—what ſhall I ſay? Your candor muſt ſupply the reſt.

Lady R. We'll talk not of the paſt: Sabina's candor, and your lordſhip's better thoughts, as ſoon as you ſhall meet, will bury all offences in oblivion.

Lord S. You predict flatteringly, but I have many anxious hours to paſs before that meeting.

Lady R. 'Tis a long diſtance between this and Padua; but if your reſolution is made up—

Lord

Lord S. Unalterably—I ſhall ſet out within this hour.

Lady R. Wait a few moments, then; and tho' I cannot promiſe you a wind, as witches did of old, I'll do my beſt to give you a quick paſſage.—Sit down; your ſylph ſhall be at your elbow before you can well draw a ſigh. [*Exit.*

Lord S. What can ſhe mean? what project has her active fancy ſprung, to back this bold profeſſion?—Hark! I hear her.—Well, fair ſylph, I keep my poſt, and wait your promis'd favor.—Hah! what now?—Sabina! Heaven uphold me! from what cloud have you dropt down on earth?

(Sabina *enters.*)

Sabina. My lord! my huſband!

Lord S. Come to my arms! Oh unexpected joy! Now we will part no more.

Sabina. Indeed! will you not forſake your poor Sabina any more?—Ah! what ſad moments I have paſs'd, counting the hours for your return, day after day, but all in vain.—No lord, no letter, no hope left at laſt, no country to receive me, no parents, brothers, friends to fly to: miſerable me! I did believe I was renounc'd of Providence, and deſtin'd to deſpair.

Lord S. Oh my much-injur'd, my acknowledg'd wife!

Sabina. That has ſweet ſound with it: my heart is comforted.

Lord S. My life ſhall be devoted to atonement.—Truſt me, my ſweet Sabina, 'tis not my nature to be baſe or cruel: once reſtor'd to your forgiveneſs, (and methinks your eyes promiſe me that) I will offend no more.

Sabina. I know not how to call it an offence; for what am I? My fortune nothing, my nobility a ſhadow—a heart to honor you is all that I can boaſt. How, then, can I be angry, if, when return'd to your own happy country, where ſo many fairer ladies court your attention, you forgot poor, humble

humble, loſt Sabina?—But of this no more.—I have a friend, an honorable, noble friend, to whom I owe this happy meeting; I muſt take you to him—give me your hand.

Lord S. My heart and hand.—Thus led by virtue, and reſtored to reaſon, I am a man again.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes.

(*Sir* Miles Mowbray, *and Mr.* Wrangle.)

Sir Miles. Well, Sir, 'tis your own concern; if you are contented with each other, it's a proof you are ſoon pleas'd. Quarrel when you like, and make it up how you can, you have my leave. I find by late experience that the man who thinks for more heads than he carries on his own ſhoulders, lays out care for himſelf, and reaps no thanks for his kindneſs.

Mr. W. Believe me, my good Sir Miles—

Sir Miles. Pardon me, my good Sir Caleb; that is a weakneſs I am cur'd of.—I was the dupe of credulity, when I believ'd you wou'd make my daughter happy, and when I took your word for your being ſo: I was the verieſt dolt in creation, when I thought I could either qualify your failings, or compoſe your ſquabbles.—I pray you, Sir, be huſband and wife in your own way, and never let me be middle man between you, henceforth and for ever.

(*Mrs.* Wrangle *enters.*)

Mrs. W. Oh! my dear, dear father! this is at length a joyful meeting.

Sir Miles. I am glad to hear it—what am I to be joyful for?

Mrs. W. For the total and compleat extinction of all poſſible diſſenſions between my beloved and myſelf.

Sir

Sir Miles. If he is your beloved, keep that a ſecret to yourſelf; at leaſt don't inſiſt on my believing it.

Mrs. W. Nay, ſurely you'll believe me, and rejoice when I tell you that my ever-dear Mr. Wrangle—

Sir Miles. Child, child, your fondlings make me ſick, and your feuds make me ſad; therefore let me have no more of either, I beſeech you.

(Frederick *and* David *enter.*)

Welcome, welcome! Frederick, give me your hand; I have to aſk your pardon for my folly, in ſuppoſing I had a right over your affections, firſt, by diverting them from the woman of your heart, and ſecondly by directing them towards her; and all my wonder is, you had the patience to liſten to my nonſenſical authority in either inſtance.—I have alſo an apology to make to that amiable lady for a moſt impertinent viſit.

Fred. That amiable lady thinks the apology rather due for her reception of you, than for your viſit to her; and before many minutes are gone by, I expect ſhe will be here to tell you ſo.

Sir Miles. I can't believe it, Freddy: I won't believe it; 'tis a happineſs above my hopes.—How now, Robert, how now?

(Robert *enters haſtily.*)

Robert. Sir! your honor! ſhe's a-coming, ſhe's a-coming up the ſtairs—

Sir Miles. Who's a-coming?

Robert Sir, the lady—the lady—I ſhall forget my own name—my young maſter knows who I mean. (*Exit* Robert.) [Frederick *goes out to receive Lady* Ruby.

(*Lady* Ruby, Lord Senſitive, *and* Sabina *enter.*)

Sir Miles. My lady Ruby, this is indeed an honor and a happineſs—and a—My Lord, I am your

your moſt obedient; may I requeſt to be made known to this fair ſtranger?

Lord S. This fair ſtranger, Sir Miles, whom I have the honor to call wife, is ambitious to pay her compliments to the father of her beſt friend, and my greateſt benefactor.

Sabina. Yes, truly, Sir, I am very happy to make my humble obeiſance to you, for the ſake of your honorable ſon, my very good friend, Mr. Frederick Mowbray; for whoſe favors I have not the words to ſpeak my gratitude, tho' I have a heart, that will never ceaſe to feel them.

Lord S. If ſuch be your gratitude, lovely Sabina, what ſhou'd mine be to thoſe friends of honor, who have reſtor'd you to my heart, and bleſs'd me with a proſpect of that ſtate of happineſs, which I truly hope the married part of this company will continue to enjoy, and the unmarried make haſte to obtain.

David. Brother Wrangle, there's one wiſh for you and my ſiſter, part it between you.—And brother Frederick, was I as you, I wou'd drop down on both my knees to my ſweet Lady Ruby, and beg to go halves in the other wiſh with her.

Sabina. And if my prayers cou'd profit, for his ſake I wou'd kneel and pray, till ſome kind ſaint, that favors virtuous love, ſhou'd hear me.

Fred. (kneeling) Oh! more than ever dear, long-loſt, lamented, and deſpair'd of even to diſtraction; has your once-tender heart, wean'd by time, or alienated by ſuſpicion, forgot its former feelings?

Lady R. Riſe, Frederick, explanations of this nature ſhou'd be private; yet I will freely own, in preſence of this company, 'twas the abrupt and ſecret manner of your leaving me, which I could not reconcile to that generous ſenſibility I gave you credit for.—Did you write me one letter from abroad?

Fred. Several, many.—Did you anſwer one?

Lady

Lady R. As truth ſhall judge me, not a line of your's ever reach'd my hands.

David. I wiſh to my ſoul they had paſs'd through mine; I wou'd have ſtak'd my life for the delivery of them.—Father, I ſhou'd like to know if any body here preſent cou'd give an account of thoſe ſame unlucky letters.

Sir Miles. Say no more, ſay no more—My conſcience flies in my face: but a man can do no more than own it.

Fred. I have done—This only let me aſſert, in vindication of the truth, that I ceas'd not from the tendereſt expoſtulations on your ſilence, imploring you to keep me in your thoughts, and promiſing eternal conſtancy on my part, till I heard you was married—then I confeſs I was not hypocrite enough to ſend you my congratulations—my exhauſted ſpirits ſunk under the ſhock of that intelligence.

Lady R. Here let us pauſe.—You have a zealous advocate, from whom I have heard the reſt.—I have now only to apologize to Sir Miles Mowbray for my reception of his viſit, which if he is not diſcourag'd to repeat, I can only aſſure him that the ſame propoſal will not be treated with the ſame indifference.

Sir Miles. I am infinitely happy to hear you ſay ſo; but really, Madam, I am ſo confounded and aſham'd of my paſt miſtakes in caſes of the heart, that I dare not venture upon more than putting up a prayer in ſecret for your happineſs, and my ſon's. Hitherto I have been an officious, and I fear an unfortunate father.

Mrs. W. Suffer me for a moment to interrupt your ſelf-reproaches, ſo far at leaſt as they apply to me.—I now declare from my ſoul, that if a ſecond choice was in my power, I would voluntarily fix it where you firſt directed it.

Mr. W. And I proteſt, with equal and unfeign'd ſincerity, that, brought to recollection by this ſcene, and reſolute to emulate the examples I behold,

behold; my life ſhall be devoted to the bleſſing you beſtowed upon me.

Sir Miles. Excellently reſolv'd on both ſides! I only hope you will not want me to put you in mind of it.

David. We all join in that hope.—Peace at home, for your ſakes, ye happy huſbands—war abroad for mine, and yours, my gallant comrades!

Sir Miles. Corrected by experience, I will now venture to pronounce, that *Firſt Love* is a faithful guide; and the parent, who attempts to turn that ſtream from its courſe, makes himſelf reſponſible for all the miſeries and miſcarriages, that may reſult from his diverſion of it.

END OF THE COMEDY.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. JORDAN.

TO you, fair Ladies, and, kind Sirs, to you,
Circle ſo brilliant, and to me ſo new,
I make my humble reverence, and I feel
More than m ſimple language can reveal;
In verity I thank you, and am ſure,
Lodg'd in your boſoms I may ſleep ſecure:
Bleſs your brave hearts, happy may you remain,
Tho' my poor country bleeds in ev'ry vein!
Ah woe the time! and, therefore, 'tis I ſee
So many pitying eyes are turn'd on me;
So kind they look, as if they wou'd impart
Some of their own brave ſpirit to my heart:
And where's the wonder, as the caſe appears,
If thoſe who rule the waves ſhou'd calm our fears?
Oh! generous nation, pardon if I ſay
What my poor thoughts ſuggeſt in my poor way;
But I do think that Heav'n ordain'd a neſt
On your white cliffs where halcyon peace may reſt,
Sever'd one ſpot of conſecrated ground,
And bade old Neptune roll his waves around:
Then put his trident in Britannia's hand,
And gave the watery world to her command;—
And ſhe ſhall hold it for all time to come,
Tho' hair-brain'd prophets may denounce her doom;
For ſure I am, the ruler of the wind
Will never harm the friends of human-kind.
But it is not for humble me to ſpeak
Of things ſo great, with faculties ſo weak;
Enough that when I came, forſaken, poor,
A wand'ring emigrant, and ſought your door,
Your generous favor gave me a retreat
Where the Muſe haunts, and where the Graces meet,

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Where

Where beauty and benevolence unite
To cheer the ſoul and animate the ſight,
Where from the *fondé* of the ſupporting pit,
Row above row the Britiſh worthies ſit,
Preſenting to the view a ſplendid ring,
Firm to their Country, loyal to their King;
And proving, by the grace with which they're
pleas'd,
That the beſt Critics ſooneſt are appeas'd.

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